A Nightmare
ON ELM STREET 3
DREAM WARRIORS

A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors

A Screenplay By:

Wes Craven and Bruce Wagner

FADE IN:

A COMPLETELY BLACK SCREEN. THE FOLLOWING QUOTE IS SUPERED:

"Sleep. Those little slices

of death. How I loathe them."

-- Edgar Allan Poe

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Warren Zevon's "I'll Sleep When I'm Dead" BLARES from a radio as we begin a CLOSUP MONTAGE:

CLOSEUP - A YOUNG GIRL'S HAND

dips a strip of newspaper into a bowl of paper mache mix.

CLOSEUP - THE WETTED PAPER

is applied to a paper mache surface, and a popsicle stick is pressed into place. (We are TOO TIGHT to see the object being constructed.)

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN PARKER

Kristen (16) is strikingly pretty, despite the dark, tired circles under her eyes. She's exhausted, but desperately trying to stay awake. She wears pajamas and robe.

Her head nods, her eyelids close. She snaps herself awake.

CLOSEUP - THE RADIO

She turns the VOLUME UP EVEN LOUDER.

CLOSEUP - THE CLOCK

It's 1:20 a.m.

CLOSEUP - A JAR OF FOLGER'S COFFEE CRYSTALS

She scoops out a spoonful.

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

She puts the spoonful of coffee crystals in her mouth and chases it down with a swig of Diet Coke.

CLOSEUP - PAPER MACHE

Another piece is applied.

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

Nodding off again. She rouses herself angrily.

WIDER ANGLE

The bedroom door opens and her mother enters. ELAINE PARKER, late 30's, is dressed in an expensive evening gown that carefully displays her assets. She snaps the radio off.

ELAINE

Are you crazy? You'll wake the whole neighborhood!

KRISTEN

(bleary-eyed)

Hi Mom.

ELAINE

Don't "hi Mom" me. What are you still doing up? It's past one!

KRISTEN

I thought I'd wait for you.

ELAINE

(softening)

Well, I'm home now, so you can go right to sleep. C'mon, angel.

KRISTEN

It's okay, I'm not tired. Really.

ELAINE

(turning down the bed)

Kristen, don't start with me. You know what your shrink said...

KRISTEN

(sullen)

He's full of shit.

ELAINE

I am not going to let you get me into an argument, goddamn it. Not tonight. Now get in bed.

Kristen does as she's told. Her mother goes to the door and reaches for the

light switch.

KRISTEN

(a soft plea)

Mom? I'm still having these awful dreams.

A MAN'S VOICE comes from downstairs: MAN (O.S.)

Elaine? Where do you keep the bourbon?

ELAINE

I'll be right down!

(to Kristen)

Look honey, I've got a guest.

KRISTEN

And you don't want to keep him waiting.

ELAINE

That's right. I don't.

The door closes, shutting Kristen into darkness. She lies in bed, blinking back angry tears. She turns on her side, her gaze falling on:

THE PAPER MACHE OBJECT

It is a miniature house glowing weirdly in th moonlight. A crude, homemade replica of the Elm Street House.

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

Staring at the tiny house, hearing her mother's FAINT LAUGHTER

downstairs.

Kristen begins to nod off, though she's fighting it.

A breeze starts up, rustling her hair. Leaves fall across her pillow and face. Her mother's LAUGHTER FADES OUT, replaced by teh EERIE GIGGLING of small children. She awakes with a start.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK, CRANING UP TO REVEAL: Kristen's bed sits in the middle of the dark, deserted street in front of the Elm Street House.

Small CHILDREN are playing on the lawn. The boys are dressed in suits, the girls in party dresses. They are jumping rope and chanting a singsong:

CHILDREN

One, two, Freddy's coming for you, three, four, better lock your door, five, six, grab your crucifix...

KRISTEN

gets out of bed and approaches the children, transfixed.

...except for one eerily pretty LITTLE GIRL sitting on her red

tricycle near the front door, hair billowing in the breezes as she stares at Kristen.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello. What's your name?

KRISTEN

Kristen. What's yours?

The Little Girl giggles and smiles shyly, but doesn't answer.

KRISTEN (cont.)

What is this place?

The wind kicks up, MOANING. We hear the SOUND OF WIND CHIMES.

THE WIND CHIME

Tinkling in the wind. The "chimes" are long razors.

KRISTEN

reacts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The front door of the house CREAKS open behind the Little Girl.

Darkness within.

LITTLE GIRL

(sadly)

I have to go now. Bye.

RINGING the bell on the handlebar, she pedals her tricycle through the door and is swallowed by the darkness inside.

KRISTEN

Wait! Don't go in there!

Too late. Kristen stands alone. Fighting her fear, she approaches the house.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Kristen enters. The place is barren, empty. Broken windows, flaking paint, rotted walls. Leaves skitter across teh floor.

KRISTEN

Little girl!

THE CHILDREN

They sense her presence and turn their vacant, staring eyes toward her. They scatter, vanishing into the shadows...

She hears the JINGLING of the tricycle bell and the GIGGLING of the Little Girl ECHOING FAINTLY from deep inside the house. Then

silence again. Kristen tries to follow the sounds.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kristen comes around a corner just in time to see: HER POV

A quick glimpse of the Little Girl vanishing around the corner at the far end of a long, twisted corridor. The walls are streaked with rust...or perhaps dried blood.

KRISTEN

She keeps following. Being led.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kristen comes around a corner and finds herself facing a heavy steel door that is just closing wiht a SOLID METALLIC CLANG. The riveted metal seems out of place in the rotted wood house.

Kristen goes to the door and pulls it slowly open. A stairway leading down into darkness.

STAIRWAY

Kristen carefully makes her way down the metal steps.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Kristen fearfully enters Freddy's decrepit lair. Ancient rusted boilers stand cold and silent in the shadows.

The SOFT JINGLE of the tricycle draws Kristen's attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Little Girl pedals out of the darkness and comes to a stop before Kristen.

LITTLE GIRL

This is where he takes us.

There is a SCREECH OF METAL. Kristen whirls and sees: A BOILER

The rusted furnace door is swinging open, metal grating on metal.

Inside, the charred bones of children lie in heaps of cold ash. A tricycle lies in the carnage, identical to the Little Girl's --

only charred.

KRISTEN

Horrified. Suddenly, a METAL DOOR SLAMS LOUDLY in the darkness.

THUDDING FOOTSTEPS approach, BOOMING CLOSER.

THE LITTLE GIRL

looks up at Kristen with sad eyes.

LITTLE GIRL

(eerily calm)

Freddy's home.

THE BOILER FURNACE

Now alive with ROARING FLAMES. The tricycle's paint bubbles and scorches in the intense heat.

KRISTEN

scoops the Little Girl into her arms and runs in blind terror.

She glances back over her shoulder to see: FREDDY

looming from the row of boilers, an indistinct silhouette in the hellish smoke and flames. His maniacal LAUGHTER ECHOES through the chamber.

KRISTEN

ducks through a doorway into another room, still carrying the Little Girl.

INT. ROOM

A hundred teenage bodies hang from teh ceiling, strung up in the darkness like butchered meat.

KRISTEN

gazes in horror. She looks down at the Little Girl cradled in her arms -- she is now a horribly charred, brittle corpse. Suddenly, her tiny mouth bursts open, emitting a ghastly, ear-splitting SCREAM!

SHOCK CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

As she sits bolt upright in bed, panting in terror, face bathed in sweat. She looks around, recognizing her own room.

She gets out of bed and walks unsteadily to the bathroom.

INT - BATHROOM

She clicks on the light and looks at her reflection in the mirror.

Still trembling, she runs water in the sink and splashes her face, trying to calm down.

The water becomes too hot. Steam rises.

She tries to turn the water off, but the pressure increases. More Steam.

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

She fiddles with the handle, confused.

As she turns it, the four-pronged handle suddenly springs to life, grasping her hand.

KRISTEN

gasps and looks up. Freddy's face grins out at her from the mirror. She SCREAMS. Steam billows up.

THE SINK

The other faucet handle begins to flex and stretch, turning into Freddy's claw hand. Finger razors grow.

KRISTEN

SCREAMING, struggling to break free.

FREDDY

leering from the mirror, laughing. The claw hand rises up into frame, poising to slash Kristen's exposed wrist.

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

SCREAMING as the blades slash downward.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

Grinning as a spray of blood hits the mirror.

THE BATHROOM DOOR

bursts open, revealing Kristen's mother. She SCREAMS.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE BATHROOM

No steam. The mirror and sink are normal...except for the thin streaks of spattered blood.

Kristen turns to her mother, slowly waking from her dream. She holds a bloody razor in her hand. Her wrist is slashed.

KRISTEN

(dazed, weak)

Mommy...?

She collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTIN HILLS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Isolated and somewhat gothic, it's an enormous multi-winged structure built by the Catholic Church in the 1920's. A belltower is centerpiece to several rambling wings. Originally an insane asylum, it is now a modernized state-run facility. An iron fence surrounds the sprawling grounds.

INT. HOSPITAL - ADOLESCENT WING - DAY

DOLLYING with MAX, the burly black Chief Orderly, as he makes his morning rounds. He wheels a rolling cart containing a variety of medications down the hall. A NEWSCASTER'S VOICE comes from the small portable radio dangling from the cart: NEWSCASTER

In local nows, two more teenage deaths have occurred -- both suicides. County health officials are at a loss to explain this alarming trend --

Grimacing, Max switches to a music station as DOCTOR NEIL GOLDMAN

(early 30's), bright and intense, falls in step.

NEIL

(absorbed in a clipboard

of patient's charts)

Nothing like a little cheery news to start the day.

MAX

Say listen, Doc. I got a new theory about all these suicides.

NEIL

Don't hold back on us, Max. We need all the help we can get.

MAX

Fucked up chromosomes, man. Think about it. Their parents all dropped acid in the Sixties.

NEIL

It beats Dr. Simm's theory. She thinks it's nothing but sex, drugs, and rock

& roll.

MAX

Shit, that's what keeps people alive.

Max exits frame. Neil continues on. JENNIFER, a girl of 14, approaches.

NEIL

Good morning, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Morning, Doctor Goldman.

NEIL

How's your hand?

She extends her hand for inspection -- it is scarred with cigarette burns. She points to three different welts.

JENNIFER

Menthol, regular, ultra-light.

NEIL

They're healing up nicely.

JENNIFER

I've been good. When do I get cigarette priveleges back?

NEIL

Don't hold your breath.

Jennifer shrugs. It was worth a try. She moves on.

TARYN, a 17 year old blonde, approaches. She appears exhausted, dark tired circles under her eyes.

NEIL

Hi Taryn. You don't look so hot, kid.

Been getting any sleep?

She ignores him. Neil watches her float past, then jots a note on his clipboard.

NEIL (cont.)

Didn't think so.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Neil comes to the Quiet Room and peers through the small mesh-grid window.

NEIL'S POV - (QUIET ROOM)

KINCAID, an enormous and powerful-looking 17 year old with a shaved head is huddled in the corner of the white padded room, gazing at nothing.

NEIL - (HALLWAY)

makes a notation on his clipboard. DOCTOR ELIZABETH SIMMS, the hospital superior, appears at his elbow.

SIMMS

How is he?

NEIL

Cooling down.

SIMMS

If he continues having these outbursts, I'll have to have him isolated permanently.

NEIL

Don't worry, it won't come to that.

They exit frome. CAMERA PUSHES UP to teh mesh-grid window of the Quiet Room for a shot of Kincaid.

CLOSEUP - KINCAID - (QUIET ROOM)

He stares into space, singing softly under his breath.

KINCAID

I ain't gonna dream no more, no more, I ain't gonna dream no more. All night long I sing this song, 'cause I ain't gonna dream no more...

DOLLYING WITH NEIL AND SIMMS - (HALLWAY) NEIL

I read the report on our new staff member.

SIMMS

What did you think?

NEIL

Frankly, I don't understand why some grad school superstar is being treated like a seasoned pro.

SIMMS

She's been doing ground-breaking

research on pattern nightmares.

NEIL

Elizabeth, we don't need any outside help. I know these kids. I don't want some hot-shot taking chances

with them just so she can get published.

Simms is about to say more, but is interrupted by: P.A. VOICE

Doctor Goldman to Examination, stat.

They hurry down the hall.

NURSES' STATION

Kristen's mother, near hysteria, is loudly berating a NURSE.

ELAINE

Don't give me that shit! She's just trying to get attention, that's all!

I'm not playing her little game anymore!

Neil and Simms rush past into the examination room.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Neil and Simms burst into a chaotic struggle. Kristen is going berserk, fighting the STAFF as they try to restrain her and wrestle her onto a gurney -- the gurney goes crashing into the wall. A frantic NURSE addresses Neil:

NURSE

Suicide attempt. They just brought her in from County General!

NEIL

What's her name?

NURSE

Kristen Parker. She was fine until we tried to sedate her.

Her face contorted with terror, Kristen kicks and bites and scratches as ORDERLIES try to pin her.

ORDERLY

Watch it! She tore her stiches out!

NEIL

Kristen, we want to help you!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Max enters and takes immediate control. he shoves everybody out of the way, spins Kristen effortlessly around, and pins her arms firmly from behind. She tries to struggle, but he's too strong.

She weakens.

MAX

(compassionate)

Calm down, baby sister, that's enough nonsense for now.

Neil takes a hypo from the nurse and approaches Kristen slowly.

NEIL

Kristen, I'm Doctor Goldman. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm just going to give you something to help you sleep.

KRISTEN goes berserk again and kicks Neil in the stomach. Max is thrown off balance and crashes into a rolling cart -- medical instruments shower to the floor.

Kristen grabs a pair of wicked-looking surgical scissors. She slashes at max's hand, drawing blood.

NEIL

Back off, Max!

Kristen huddles into a corner, ready to skewer anybody who gets close. A tense stand-off.

NEIL (cont.)

Kristen, put the scissors down! Nobody's gonna hurt you!

But the girl makes no move to drop her guard. She starts rocking back and forth, coming apart at the seams, moaning a little song: KRISTEN

Five, six, grab your crucifix...

seven, eight, better stay up late...

nine, ten, never...never...

She can't seem to find the words in her confused mind.

NANCY (O.S.)

Never sleep again.

REVERSE ANGLE

Instant silence in the room. All eyes go to NANCY THOMPSON

standing in the doorway. She's a young woman now, possessing beauty and great inner strength. her hair still bears the white streak. She speaks as if coming out of a trance: NANCY

Who taught you that rhyme?

KRISTEN

Her eyes are locked with Nancy's.

NANCY

The staff members part before her as she walks to Kristen. She takes the scissors from Kristen's hand. Kristen falls into Nancy's arms, sobbing.

NEIL

stares at Nancy in amazement.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Neil and Nancy are finishing a late lunch in teh nearly deserted cafeteria.

NANCY

Tell me about the kids.

NEIL

You'll get to meet them all tomorrow.

They're...survivors. In a way. All severely sleep disordered. Insomnia, narcolepsy, bedwetting...

NANCY

But nightmares are the common thread?

NEIL

Right. They seem to share a group delusion, a "boogeyman" for lack of a better word. They're so traumatized, they'll do anything not to sleep.

NANCY

Anything?

NEIL

(playing with his coffee)

We lost a kid about a month ago to Fairview. I don't know where he got the razor...but he cut off his own eyelids to stay awake.

NANCY

Oh God.

NEIL

Ever work with vets?

(Nancy shakes her head)

These kids act like they've got

D.S.S. -- Delayed Stress Syndrome.

If I didn't know better, I'd swear they'd seen heavy combat.

NANCY

I wouldn't be so sure they haven't.

NEIL

What's that supposed to mean?

She shrugs, not answering. Neil lets it pass.

NEIL (cont.)

(changing the subject)

By the way, that was great work with the new patient. Pretty smooth for an intern.

NANCY

I've had some experience with pattern nightmares.

NEIL

So I've been told. Practically an obsession of your.

NANCY

Call it a passion.

(glances at her watch)

I've got to get going.

NEIL

Make sure to check in with Max, he'll give you the 25 cent tour.

She gathers her things. Her purse falls over, scattering its contents. A bottle of pills rolls out. Neil helps gather the items -- he picks up the pills.

INSERT - PILL BOTTLE

The label reads: HYPNOCYL 60 mg. 1-2 TABS FOR SLEEP.

BACK TO SCENE

She takes the pills and stuffs them in her purse along with everything else.

NANCY

Thanks. See you in the morning.

She is almost out the door when Neil calls to her.

NEIL

Ms. Thompson.

NANCY

Call me Nancy.

NEIL

Only if you call me Neil. What was that nursery rhyme all about?

NANCY

Just something children sing...to keep the boogeyman away.

She exits. Neil stares after her thoughtfully.

HIS POV - LONG LENS OF THE CROWDED HALLWAY

As Nancy turns and vanishes from sight, a NUN is a white habbit is revealed at the far end of the hallway -- she seems to be staring

at him. PEOPLE are wiping frame as they criss-cross the hallway, affording mere glimpses of her.

NEIL

A bit slf-conscious. Is the woman really staring at him?

HIS POV - LONG LENS

People keep wiping frame as they bustle in the hallway. The nun is now gone.

NEIL

frowns, puzzled. he dismisses it and downs his last sip of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Max is giving Nancy a tour.

MAX

The whole wing's devoted ot this

program. That's your office.

NANCY

A little basic, but nice.

MAX

I'll have a file cabinet in there before tomorrow.

(leading her down a hall)

The patient's rooms are down here.

Nancy pauses at an open door, looking into: INT. PHILLIP'S ROOM

PHILLIP, 16, sits at a work table fashioning the face of a homemade marionette out of clay. Other marionettes hang from the wall. A comical dog, a white knight, a clown, etc.

MAX

(from doorway)

This is Phillip. We call him The Walker.

NANCY

Why is that?

PHILLIP

'Cause I sleepwalk. A perfectly normal event that our illustrious staff loves to theorize about endlessly.

MAX

Phillip, this is Nancy.

PHILLIP

Hi. Welcome to the Snake Pit.

NANCY

Thanks.

(admiring marionettes)

Nice work.

PHILLIP

They really oughtta be carved out of wood, but they won't let me have a knife. I might, you know...

(mimes slashing his wrist)

Fffft!

MAX

That lump over there is Kincaid.

Kincaid is lying on a bed, reading a comic book.

MAX (cont.)

Take a close look. He gets his ass thrown in the Quiet Room so often, you probably won't see much of him.

Right, Cool Breeze?

KINCAID

I do it so I don't have to look at your face all the time.

MAX

(grins)

Riiiigghht.

Max and Nancy move on.

INT. HALLWAY

DOLLYING WITH Max and Nancy.

MAX

They're good kids. But don't let 'em fool you. They're dangerous...to

themselves and each other.

They exit frame. PAN TO JOEY, a wan 16 year old watching them from around the corner. He has a tear drop drawn in ink under one eye.

A SOFT RYTHMIC SQUEAKING draws his attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MARCIE, a cute 19 year old candy-striper, is wheeling a cart to a

laundry closet.

As she begins to load the cart with clean towels, several fall to the floor. Joey hurries over.

CLOSER ANGLE

Joey picks up the towels and holds them out to Marcie. She gives him a bright smile.

MARCIE

Why thank you, Joey.

Joey grins mutely, obviously smitten. LORENZO, a cocky, handsome young orderly appears.

LORENZO

Hey, Marcie. These going to C Ward?

MARCIE

Yeah.

LORENZO

C'mon, I'll walk you down.

They start down the hall, the cart still SQUEAKING RYTHMICALLY.

Marcie turns back, giving Joey a smile and a wave.

MARCIE

See you later.

JOEY

smiles weakly as he watches them go.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Nancy guides Kristen's mother through signing a sheaf of hospital forms. Elaine is carefully and expensively dressed in fashionable tennis clothes.

NANCY

Mrs. Parker, was Kristen acting different?

Did you notice anything strange before she made the attempt?

ELAINE

Kristen specializes in strangeness. I've spent thousands on psychiatirists.

NANCY

Did she always have nightmares?

ELAINE

They've gotten worse since I took away her credit cards.

NANCY

I'm serious.

ELAINE

Look, Miss Thompson, I don't know what you want from me.

NANCY

Just some answers. There are other kids involved, its not just Kristen. All good kids, smark kids.

ELAINE

I'm sorry to hear that, but you're the experts on this, not me. If I had any insights, believe me, I'd share them with you.

NANCY

I'm sure you would.

ELAINE

(rising)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get to the club.

NANCY

I'll need to take her things.

ELAINE

The maid packed a suitcase.

(calling out)

Teresa! Teresa?

NANCY

I'll get it. Please, I don't mind.

ELAINE

First door up the stairs.

INT. KRISTEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nancy enters and finds the suitcase on the bed. As she turns to leave, her eye is caught by:

THE PAPER MACHE ELM STREET HOUSE

sitting on Kristen's drafting table.

NANCY

Amazed. Shaken. She reaches out slowly, almost afraid to touch it. She picks it up.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil sits at a computer terminal in his study. He hooks the modem to his

phone and accesses a mainframe. The screen comes to life, blinking. He punches in a command.

THE SCREEN

A readout appears, ticking down an endless list of drug categories.

NEIL

Working the keyboard, searching for something. Finally: THE SCREEN

The glowing green letters read:

HYPNOCYL

FDA classification: Experimental.

Effective for management of

psychotic disorders. For sedation where dreamless sleep is considered optimal; suppression of night terror.

NEIL

He shuts down the computer and eases back in his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nancy sits in a thin, high-tech reading chair, engrossed in Kristen's medical file. The paper mache Elm Street House sits on a table nearby.

CLOSEUP - NANCY

Shee is starting to nod off as she reads.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - KRISTEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen lies in bed, sketching on a newsprint pad with charcoal.

A rendering of the Elm Street House.

She begins to nod out. her eyes flutter closed. CAMERA DOLLIES

IN TIGHT on her face. We hear the DISTANT, GHOSTLY JINGLING of a tricycle bell. Her eyes slowly open.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kristen watches, terrified, as a tricycle rolls into the room by itself, leaving bloody tire tracks. The same tricycle that belonged to the Little Girl.

THE TRICYCLE

comes to a stop...then begins to glow red-hot and melt, warping and sagging as if from an astonishing inner heat.

KRISTEN

gets out of bed, edges past the ghastly melting apparition, and backs out of the room.

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

As she backs out the door, we see it is the red Elm Street door.

She pauses, realizing something is terribly wrong -- suddenly the door SLAMS SHUT INTO CAMERA.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT IN A DIZZYING RUSH to reveal the Elm Street House. Kristen is now trapped inside.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE

Kristen tries to get out, but the door is locked. She turns, looking for another

means of escape. We hear a FAINT BUZZING.

INT. DINING ROOM

Kristen enters. The BUZZING IS LOUDER.

HER POV - THE DINNER TABLE

The table is set for a formal dinner. The grotesque, rotted remains of a roast pig sits on a platter, covered with flies.

KRISTEN

is revolted.

THE PIG

leaps up, SQUEALING.

WIDER ANGLE

Kristen is suddenly pulled down, vanishing beneath the surface of the liquid floor. The furnishings remain, hanging in their own gravity.

UNDERWATER

Kristen thrashes wildly in the the pitch-black water. She swims

frantically, lungs bursting for air. Impossible to tell which way is up.

HER POV

A door hanging in watery limbo a short distance ahead.

KRISTEN

swims for it.

THE DOOR

She clutches the ornate handle and strains to open the door.

INT. ROOM (OTHER SIDE OF TEH DOOR) The door swings open. Kristen emerges from a solid wall of water and steps into the room. She is magically dry.

REVERSE ANGLE

It is the Elm Street living room, foreboding and nearly barren of furniture.

A large lump forms under the rug at the far end of the room and undulates toward her sinuously. A long tubular shape.

Kristen backs away.

The shape circles her aimlessly, then slithers up the wall -- a huge, writhing entity traveling within the wall surface.

The shape arcs back down toward the carpet and disappears below the floorline.

Kristen turns about apprehensively, searching for the mysterious entity. Beat.

Suddenly, the creatures erupts through the floor directly beneath her in a shower of wood splinters, engulfing her legs as it rockets straight up. It slams back down like a whale surfacing, Kristen locked firmly in its jaws.

THE CREATURE

is a gigantic serpent/worm version of Freddy, ribbed and organic, encrusted with mucous and slime. Its slavering jaws dislocate like a snake's, the skin stretching grotesquely as it begins to swallow Kristen from the legs up.

KRISTEN

(screaming)

NANCY!

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

E.C.U. Nancy dozing. Her eyes flutter open as she hears a FAINT

REVERBERATION of Kristen's call.

LOW ANGLE

Nancy strains to listen -- all is silent now. uneasy, she rises from her chair...but freezes in place as she hears the UNEARTHLY

CALL again, brely discernable. She turns.

THE ELM STREET HOUSE MODEL

The sound seems to emanate from the strange paper mache dollhouse.

CAMERA RUSHES IN TIGHT as its tiny front door swings slowly open.

NANCY

DOLLYING IN TIGHT ON HER FACE as she puts a hand to her head, a feeling of dizziness suddenly washing over her.

WIDER

She sinks back into her chair -- and keeps right on going, impossibly sucked away into the thin chair. She is gone in the blink of an eye.

CUT TO:

INT. ELM STREET LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large ornate oval mirror hangs on the wall. The glass EXPLODES

as Nancy bursts into the room.

She rises, staring in horror and disbelief.

REVERSE ANGLE

The horrid Freddy/snake expands and contracts around Kristen, slowly wolfing her down, its awful diseased maw inching up past her waist.

KRISTEN

NANCY!

NANCY

snaps into action. She scoops up a long jagged shard of broken mirror, cutting her palm in the process.

She leaps into the fray, jamming the shard of glass into Freddy/snake's eye -- the eye bursts, spraying rancid ichor.

FREDDY/SNAKE

Regurgitating Kristen, the creature arcs back, ready to strike.

his good eye locks on Nancy, recognizing his old enemy.

FREDDY/SNAKE

(total rage)

YOU!

CLOSEUP - FREDDY/SNAKE

ROARS as the snake face peels back like old parchment and instantly transforms into a mind blowing skull/snake/Freddy with horns and double rows of razor teeth -- striking INTO CAMERA.

NANCY

grabs Kristen and barrel-rolls out of the way. They scramble out the door.

INT. HALLWAY (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Nancy slams the door and fumbles with the lock, snapping it into place.

NANCY

You pulled me in somehow, didn't you?

KRISTEN

I -- I think so!

The razor-teeth burst through the door, splintering it.

NANCY

Then get us back out!

Kristen tries to concentrate -- the teeth tear a chunk from the door and the Freddy/beast's drooling snout lunges through.

Chewing. Tearing.

NANCY (cont.)

NOW, KRISTEN! DO IT NOW!

KRISTEN

(muttering, pleading)

Wake up , wake up, wake up --

The door EXPLODES in on them as we CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

nancy thrashes awake in her reading chair, knocking a cup of coffee across

them room. She is shaking in the aftermath of terror, her fists clenched tight, not knowing if she just dreamed it all or not.

Suddenly realizing, she unclenches her hand -- the palm is cut from the shard of broken mirror she plunged into Freddy/snake's eye.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Nancy bursts in with the Elm Street House model under her arm and hurries down the hallway -- right past Neil.

NEIL

You're late.

NANCY

Didn't get much sleep.

NEIL

Well, we've got --

But she's already turned the corner and gone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nancy rushes up to Kristen's room and looks in. Empty. Max appears, coming up the hall.

NANCY

Max, where's Kristen?

MAX

She's been waiting outside your office since breakfast.

ANOTHER ANGLE - (NANCY'S OFFICE HALL) Nancy rushes around the corner and stops. Kristen is sitting patiently in the hallway outside Nancy's office. She stands.

NANCY

(holds up Elm Street model)

I used to live in this house.

KRISTEN

But...it's just a house I've dreamed about.

(lower)

I dream about it all the time.

(pause)

Thank you for what you did last night.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Nancy and Kristen speak in low tones with the door closed.

NANCY

Have you ever done that before? Pulled someone into your dream?

KRISTEN

(dreamy, far-away look)

When I was a little girl. Three or four.

If I had a nightmare, I'd bring my Dad in.

The dream would always get better.

(smiles)

He always used to tell me about it the next day -- he used to think they were his dreams.

NANCY

When did it stop?

KRISTEN

When I was still a kid. My folks got divorced.

(beat)

After a while, I thought I'd imagined the whole thing. I guess I didn't.

NANCY

It's an amazing gift.

Pause. Then, softly:

KRISTEN

That man in my dreams. He's real isn't he?

NANCY

He's real.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

All the kids of the Adolescent Care Unit are gathered: Kincaid, Phillip, Taryn, Joey, Jennifer, and WILL, a 17 year old confined to an electric

wheelchair. Kristen's a bit uncomfortable -- she's the new kid. The general impression is of a blitzed-out squad just out of heavy combat. Nancy takes of a blitzed-out squad just out of heavy combat. Nancy takes her place next to Elizabeth Simms as Neil closes the door.

NEIL

Okay, Group's in session. Straight talk only in this room.

SIMMS

Today I'd like to start by getting us acquainted with our new staff member,

Nancy Thompson. Let's make her feel welcome.

The kids murmur a chorus of AD-LIBBED GREETINGS.

NEIL

Let's see, you've already met Phillip, Kincaid, and Kristen. Why don't the rest of you tell Nancy something about yourselves?

neil absently toys with the row of hanging metal balls on one of those click-clack kinetic toys sitting on the table. No volunteers.

NEIL (cont.)

Will? How about you first?

WILL

I'm Will Stanton, and um...I've had a little accident, as you can see.

TARYN

Accident my ass. I thought this was supposed to be straight talk in here.

KINCAID

Hey, so he took a jump. At least he wasn't sticking needles in his arms with a bunch of lowlifes.

SIMMS

Save it, Kincaid. Jennifer?

JENNIFER

I'm Jennifer Caulfield. When I get out of here I'm going to L.A. to be an actress. i'm gonna be on T.V.

KINCAID

Yeah. Lifestyles of the Rich and

Psychotic.

JENNIFER

Screw you.

(indicates Joey)

This is Joey. He used to be a debater in school, but now he doesn't talk much.

Joey grins at Nancy shyly, nodding his head in greeting.

TARYN

I'm Taryn White. I only came here because it was a better deal than

juvie hall.

(pause)

Also, I guess 'cause I'm going through

some very stange shit.

NANCY

Your dreams?

TARYN

(softly)

Hey, everybody has bad dreams.

PHILLIP

Can I interject something here? Just to save us all some time?

NEIL

Go ahead, Phillip.

PHILLIP

(to Nancy)

According to our kind hosts, our dreams are a group psychosis. Sort of a mellow mass hysteria. The fact that we all dreamt about this guy before we ever met doesn't seem to impress anybody.

The kids murmur in agreement.

PHILLIP (cont.)

So we go in circles making minimal progress with maximum effort.

SIMMS

And you won't make any progress until you can recognize your dreams for what they are.

NANCY

And what are they?

SIMMS

The by-product of guilt. Psychological scars steaming from moral conflicts and overt sexuality.

KINCAID

Great. Now it's my dick that's killing me.

KRISTEN

Tell them, Nancy. Tell them what's really going on.

NEIL

(surprised)

Yes, tell us, Nancy.

NANCY

All I can say is this isn't something

that's just going to disappear. you're all going to have to face it. Fight it.

And if you're willing to work together...

wiling to stand up to your deepest fears...I think we can beat it.

PANNING THE KIDS

Their expressions reflect a quiet mix of hope and fear. They are impressed -- all except Kincaid.

KINCAID

My deepest fear is listening to any more of this rah-rah bullshit.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will sits in his wheelchair with his Dungeons and Dragons game spread out on the table before him. Taryn's not really into it, but she's playing along. Joey sits nearby, following the game with rapt attention. Taryn throws the dice.

Will refers to his Dungeonmaster's card.

INSERT - THE CARD

features an illustration of a wizard in flowing robes. Magical lightning crackles from his fingertips.

CONTINUING SCENE

WILL

Okay, you're attacked by the Bog Demon.

Go ahead.

TARYN

(rolls dice)

Uh, fourteen.

WILL

Doesn't count. You gotta say the words.

TARYN

This is stupid.

WILL

C'mon.

TARYN

(sighs)

In the name of Elric, Prince of Elves, demon begone.

WILL

Good. You conquer the demon, but your horse is sinking in the bog. What do you do?

TARYN

(yawns)

I go to bed and get a new horse in the morning.

She exits. Will turns to Joey.

WILL

How do I score that? Enchanted slumber or Death?

Joey makes a throat-cutting motion. Max enters.

MAX

Gentlemen. It's lights out.

WILL

Aw, Max...

MAX

You know the rules.

WILL

Okay, okay.

Max lifts Will gently out of his wheelchair and lays him on his bed.

MAX

You too, Joey.

(Joey scrambles into bed)

'Night, boys.

Max turns out the lights and exits, closing the door. Beat.

WILL

You get the first shift tonight.

Joey throws back the covers and sits up. He shakes his head and points, indicating that it's Will's turn.

WILL (cont.)

Come on, I had it last night.

(Joey shrugs, giving in)

Okay, just keep your eyes open. One whimper and you wake me up.

Joey nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Neil and Nancy having a quiet dinner.

NANCY

This is nice.

NEIL

Never been here before?

NANCY

Must have opened while I was away at school.

NEIL

Most authentic Mexican food in Springwood, which isn't saying much.

(beat)

your parents still live around here?

NANCY

My mother's dead. Died in her sleep.

NEIL

Sorry.

NANCY

My father an I...well, the family just seemed to fall apart.

NEIL

Sounds like a rough time.

NANCY

It was.

(beat)

Neil, do you believe in other realities?

NEIL

I've been to Pittsburgh. Does that count?

NANCY

I'm serious.

NEIL

Okay...I believe in different levels of conciousness, that sort of thing...but if you're into UFO's or Atlantis, you've lost me.

NANCY

What if I told you your patients are in real physical danger from their dreams?

NEIL

That's a new one. Is that what they're teaching now at Stanford?

NANCY

That's what I know.

NEIL

The nightmares are nothing but a symptom of their real problems.

NANCY

All right. Then let's eliminate the symptom for the time being.

NEIL

With Hypnocyl?

NANCY

That's right.

NEIL

You want me to prescribe an experimental psychoactive drug to a bunch of suicidal teenagers?

NANCY

Just until we get things under control.

NEIL

(shakes his head)

Dream deprivation is nothing to fool around with. you have no business taking it yourself.

NANCY

I used to be like them, Neil. I know what they're going through.

NEIL

So do I.

NANCY

Do you?

(beat)

You told me they're survivors...and they are. But how much longer they survive is up to us.

NEIL

I'm sorry, Nancy. The answer is no.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILLIP AND KINCAID'S ROOM - NIGHT

Phillip and Kincaid lie sleeping in their beds. DOLLY SLOWLY IN

on Phillip. He moans softly -- perhaps a troubled dream.

BOOM UP TO the marionettes hanging on the wall. An eerie

collection of moonlit figures.

DOLLY IN FOR CLOSEUP on the unfinished marionette. It raises its gray, misshapen head.

The crude clay features ripple and change into a distinct likeness of Freddy.

CLOSEUP - MARIONETTE'S HAND

Sharp razor-claws generate from the stubby clay fingers.

FREDDY/MARIONETTE

swipes his claws at his strings, cutting himself loose.

THE FLOOR

Freddy/marionette lands in a cat-like crouch. As he straightens up, he starts to grow.

PHILLIP

stirs...his eyes open.

PHILLIP'S POV

Freddy/marionette rises into view at teh foot of the bed...growing into the full-sized Freddy.

PHILLIP

opens his mouth to scream.

FREDDY

holds a finger to his lips, signaling for silence.

PHILLIP

gasps for breath, suddenly paralyzed. His blanket is magically snapped off the bed.

FREDDY

flicking downward with a single blade, quickly, precisely. Again and again.

CLOSEUP - PHILLIP

in excruciating pain, unable to move a muscle.

HIGH ANGLE

Looking down at Phillip. Clean, nearly bloodless incisions have been made down the length of each arm and leg.

CLOSER

one long strand of sinewy muscle tissue leaps up out of each incision.

PHILLIP

His muscle/strings go taut -- he's lifted from his bed.

KINCAID

Stirs awake and sees:

KINCAID'S POV

Phillip is walking out of the room, apparently sleepwalking.

KINCAID

(groggy)

Hey Phillip. Wake up, man.

No response.

FAVORING PHILLIP

His terrified eyes are bulging as he leaves the room, being manipulated at the end of his strings like a marionette.

In the background, Kincaid rolls over.

KINCAID

(grumbling)

Have a nice stroll, asshole.

INT. HALLWAY

Phillip is "puppeted" slowly down the hallway. Tears roll down his checks as he rolls his eyes wildly, looking for a way out of this nightmare. No use. He has no control over his movements.

NURSE'S STATION

A NIGHT NURSE is dioing paperwork at her station. Nearby, a JANITOR mops the floor.

Neither of them notice Phillip as he sleepwalks past in the background.

PHILLIP/MARIONETTE

The moment he is out of thei view, he walks into a wall...and dissolves right

through it. So much for hospital security.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND JOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joey is sitting by the windwo in the dark, wide awake. Passing time. A movement catches his eye, he glances out the window.

JOEY'S POV - THE BELL TOWER

It stands stories above the rest of the massive, rambling hospital, the apex of all teh wings of the building. TILT UP to the archway at the top of the belltower. The small, pale figure of Phillip stands on teh ledge.

JOEY

staring in horror, his mouth opening and closing as he tries to call for help.

EXT. BELLTOWER LEDGE

Weeping with terror, Phillip teeters at teh lip of the ledge over an awesome, dizzying drop -- the courtyard is far below.

The strings jerk Phillip forward and back, toying with him.

INT. WILL AND JOEY'S ROOM

Frantic, Joey turns from the windwo and drags Will out of his bed.

Will is groggy, disoriented.

WILL

Are you crazy? What are you doing?

Joey drags Will across teh floor to the window, pointing.

JOEY AND WILL

Will sees Phillip on the bell tower.

WILL

(cold dread)

Oh shit. Get help.

Joey races from the room as Will starts pounding the window.

WILL (cont.)

PHILLIP! PHILLIP!

INT. HALLWAY

Joey runs to the Nurse at her station, gesturing in panic. He hops around frantically, motioning for her to come.

NURSE

(doesn't understand)

Joey, what's the matter?

He freaks out and grabs a metal tray off the counter. The nurse's dinner goes flying. Joey runs down the hall, slamming the tray

against the walls.

The kids appear from their rooms in a state of confusion. Staff members come running.

INT. WILL AND JOEY'S ROOM

Will is still pounding the window, hollering. Joey runs in, the others pour in after him.

WILL

PHILLIP! WAKE UP!

EXT. LEDGE

Phillip teeters on the edge. He looks up, eyes pleading and wet with tears.

PHILLIP'S POV

A giant transparent Freddy, seen from the waist up, looms in the night sky, higher than thebell tower. he is leaning over the building from behind as if it were a marionette stage, laughing maniacally as he puppets Phillip.

Freddy draws back his claw hand -- then slashes out, slicing Phillip's strings.

PHILLIP

The puppet spell is broken -- he SCREAMS, arms windmilling frantically as he falls from teh ledge.

LOW ANGLE

Phillip plummets from the tower.

THE KIDS AT THE WINDOW

There is a horrible THUMP as Phillip impacts. Some kids are SCREAMING, some are crying, all horrified beyond words. The staff members are helpless as bedlam reigns.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Group is in session. The kids seem sullen, fragile, disconnected...without hope. Neil looks beaten-down, less self-assured than usual -- Phillip's death has shaken him.

NEIL

I want to talk about what happened last night. Let's get all our feelings out in the open.

The kids hold silent for a long moment, then Kincaid offers a grudging appraisal.

KINCAID

He wasn't strong enough. So he got wasted, that's all.

JENNIFER

That's all? Is that what you think?

KINCAID

He couldn't hack it and he got nailed.

Period.

TARYN

(contmpt)

Oh yeah, big tough badass. How long you gonna last?

KINCAID

Longer than any of you.

KRISTEN

(softly)

Go ahead and fight. That's what he wants.

WILL

Who?

JENNIFER

You know who.

(to Kristen)

What does he want?

KRISTEN

To turn us against each other...so we'll be weak. Easy prey.

KINCAID

Horseshit.

NANCY

No, she's right.

All eyes go to Nancy. Simms shoots her a dirty look.

SIMMS

I think we're all missing the point here. Phillip's death was a sleepwalking accident. Nothing more.

WILL

(softly)

I could see him up there. His face.

He was wide awake...all the way down.

NEIL

Then it was suicide. Phillip quit. He copped out.

Joey shakes his head, getting agitated.

JENNIFER

Joey says it wasn't no suicide.

Neil lets some of his anger and frustration show through: NEIL

Joey, listen to me! Phillip killed himself. And that's a cowardly thing.

An empty thing. he let himself down.

he let all of us down.

Joey is blinking back tears.

TARYN

It was murder! Can't you understand that? That bastard murdered him!

JENNIFER

(spooked)

You never know when he's going to come.

Sometimes for days, nothing...then --

SIMMS

I've heard quite enough of this. How long before you're ready to face yourselves? How much longer can you keep blaming your dreams for your own

weaknesses?

KINCAID

How much longer you gonna blow smoke up our ass?

NEIL

That's enough, Kincaid.

SIMMS

There will be no repeat occurences of last night's events. From now on, your doors will be locked during sleeping hours. We'll begin a policy of evening sedation. For everybody.

A terrified reaction from the group. Nancy shoots Neil a sharp look, shaking her head.

KINCAID

(rising)

The fuck you will. Anybody tries to drug me gets his ass kicked!

SIMMS

(rising, angry)

You just bought yourself a night in the Quiet Room, mister. Now sit down!

KINCAID

(shouting)

Fuck you! You sit down!

Simms presses a button, summoning help. Neil rises, prepared to protect Simms if necessary.

NEIL

Easy, Kincaid...

Max and another ORDERLY enter. Kincaid starts to freak. he kicks a chair at them, screaming!

KINCAID

NOBODY'S GONNA PUT ME TO SLEEP!

The orderlies get Kincaid into an armlock and wrestle him, fighting and kicking, out the door.

Simms follows the struggle out into the hallway. Neil and Nancy join her.

INT. HALLWAY

Simms, flushed and livid, watches Kincaid get dragged away. She turns to Neil.

SIMMS

We'll begin sedation tonight. Starting with him.

NANCY

You can't! They'll be defenseless against their dreams.

SIMMS

That's precisely what they need. Some uninterrupted REM sleep to release all this negative energy.

NANCY

(to Neil, desperate)

Neil, please --

Neil pauses, wavering between nancy and Simms. He finally comes to a decision:

NEIL

Elizabeth, I'm prescribing Hypnocyl.

(she gives him a

blank stare)

It's a dream suppressant.

SIMMS

I know what it is. I just can't believe what I'm hearing.

(indicates Nancy)

What has she talked you into?

NEIL

Nothing. They're my patients. It's my decision. I want the dreams stopped until we get some answers.

SIMMS

I won't allow it.

NEIL

I'll go straight to Carver if I have to. He'll either back me up or accept my resignation.

Simms pauses, then:

SIMMS

If soemthing goes wrong, I'll make sure you're held responsible. Fully responsible.

Simms exits. Neil watches her go.

NEIL

I can't believe I just did that.

NANCY

Do you think we can get the Hypnocyl in by tomorrow?

NEIL

We're gonna try.

He turns and walks away -- but pauses, looking back.

NEIL

I hope you know what you're getting us into.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

DOLLYING with Max as he works his way down the hall, spot-checking the dorm area. Nancy appears.

MAX

Puttin' in soem late hours, I see. If you're trying for O.T., you're in the wrong place.

NANCY

I just wanted to be here for the kids.

how are they?

MAX

Restless. Very restless.

Kristen appears at her door, looking sleepy and exhausted.

KRISTEN

Nancy? Would you sit with me awhile?

NANCY

Sure.

MAX

(to Nancy)

You need me, I'll be here all night.

NANCY

Thanks, Max.

She goes to join Kristen in her room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Taryn, wearing robe and slippers, emerges from the women's bathroom and shuffles back toward her room.

Lorenzo, the young orderly, appears in her path, twirling a keyring.

LORENZO

Hi, sweet stuff. Good news.

TARYN

(disinterested, tries

to get past him)

Can't be good news coming from you.

LORENZO

Pulled night duty. Trimble's sick.

TARYN

So?

LORENZO

(twirling keys)

So...got the keys to heaven, baby.

TARYN

What?

LORENZO

The dispensary. I'm talking clean pharmaceutical high. A night at Club meth.

TARYN

(steps past him)

I don't do that shit.

He grabs her wrist, exposing her arm -- her skin is scarred with old needle tracks.

LORENZO

What are these, beauty marks?

TARYN

(yanks her arm away)

Those are ancient history.

LORENZO

Oh yeah? Well, if you're ever in the mood for a history lesson, I'm your teacher, understand?

TARYN

Stay out of my face or I'll go straight to Max.

LORENZO

Now who's gonna take the word of a crazy junkie chick like you?

TARYN

Fuck off.

She heads off to her room.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

A rather drab, institutional room with second-hand couches an chairs. jennifer sits in a worn armchair watching the TV -- a massive old metal RCA. She is fighting sleep, but starting to nod off. Max enters.

MAX

Girl, what are you doing?

JENNIFER

Watching TV.

MAX

I can see that. You watch too damn much TV.

JENNIFER

Research.

MAX

Oh, right. You're gonna be a TV star.

JENNIFER

Wait and see.

MAX

If Simms catches you in here after lights out, she'll chew my ass ragged.

JENNIFER

(pleading)

I gotta stay up, Max.

MAX

Jennifer --

JENNIFER

Just tonight, please? I can't handle the nightmare. Not tonight. Not

after Phillip.

Max hesitates...then relents against his better judgement.

MAX

If you get caught, I never saw you.

Deal?

JENNIFER

(relieved)

Deal. Thanks.

Max exits, shaking his head. Jennifer turns back to the TV -- the Late Show drones on. She shakes herself, still fighting to stay awake.

She digs a hidden pack of cigarettes from under the chair cushion and lights up. She takes a deep drag -- then, wincing with pain, burns her hand with the lit cigarette. Anything to stay awake.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISTEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen lies in bed. Nancy sits nearby in a chair -- it seems she may keep an all-night vigil.

She notices an array of gymnastics posters taped to the wall.

NANCY

You like gymnastics?

KRISTEN

(nods)

I was on the team at school.

(beat)

I was never very good, though.

NANCY

We're not always as good at things as we'd like.

KRISTEN

Yeah, but I was really not good.

They laugh softly.

KRISTEN

Yeah, but I was really not good.

They laugh softly.

KRISTEN (cont.)

I'm glad you're here.

Nancy pauses, wrestling with a decision. She digs into her purse, pulls out her bottle of Hypnocyl, and shakes the contents into her hand. Just two pills left. She gives them to Kristen.

KRISTEN (cont.)

What are they?

NANCY

(softly)

They'll keep the dreams away. For tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer is still fighting to stay awake as she watches TV. She switches around with the channel changer, stopping on a Dick Cavett interview. His guest is Sally Kellerman.

JENNIFER

nodding out again.

TV SET

DICK CAVETT

Well, that is the great American dream, isn't it? To come to L.A. and be a TV star?

SALLY KELLERMAN

Well, I suppose it --

The image sputters with snowy interference.

JENNIFER

Her eyes fluttering.

TV SET

Alternating between snow and image.

KELLERMAN

-- find a good teacher. An actor has to study, to learn. I think that's crucial.

FREDDY/CAVETT

(gleefully)

WHO GIVES A FUCK WHAT YOU THINK?

JENNIFER

Her eyes snap open, her body stiffening. She stares at: TEH TV SCREEN

Nothing now but static.

JENNIFER

Frowning. Must have imagined it. She rises and smacks the side of the set, trying to get the picture back. Nothing.

Suddenly, two arms rip from each side of the TV set and grab her by the shoulders. The arms are a horrid hybrid of Freddy's arms and RCA tubes and wiring. She SCREAMS as she is lifted off the ground.

TV SET

Freddy's head grows and stretches out of the top of the set, wearing the rabbit-ear antenna like some horrible insect.

Jennifer keeps SCREAMING.

FREDDY

This is it, Jennifer! Your big break in TV!

he rams her head into the screen with hideously brutal force --

there is an EXPLOSION of glass and electrical sparks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A midwestern cemetary on a rolling hillside. A gentle drizzle falls on a crowd of mourners clustered at twin gravesites. A PRIEST intones the eulogy. Among the mourners are Dr. Simms, Max,

Nancy...but Neil is missing.

CLOSER - MAX AND NANCY

Staring as the caskets are lowered.

MASTER - THE FUNERAL

CAMERA BOOMS BACK to reveal Neil standing on a rise overlooking the funeral. he's under the shelter of a large oak tree, but is still soaked by the drizzle. He stares down, grief-stricken, his tears masked by rain.

NUN (O.S.)

Don't be ashamed, young man. This is a place for sorrow.

ANTOHER ANGLE

The nun in white stands clsoe by (Neil saw her in the hospital hallway). She appears in her 60's, but carries herself with a strength that belies her years. Neil wipes his eyes.

NUN (cont.)

What faith do you follow?

He chokes back a bitter laugh.

NEIL

Science...I suppose.

NUN

A sad choice.

NEIL

There are times when it doesn't offer much comfort.

(pause)

I've seen you before. Sister...?

NUN

Mary Helena.

NEIL

You do volunteer work at the hospital?

NUN

I come from time to time. When I'm needed.

Neil turns his gaze back toward the funeral, lost in his own private grief.

NEIL

(softly)

I could've saved them.

NUN

Only one thing can save the children.

The unquiet spirit must be laid to rest. It is an abomination to God and Man.

NEIL

(blankly)

I beg your pardon?

NANCY

(calling O.S.)

Neil?

Neil turns and moves to the edge of the rise as Nancy crests the hill. The services have ended, the crowd is dispersing.

NANCY (cont.)

What are you doing up here?

NEIL

I was just talking to --

He turns, but the nun is gone.

NANCY

To who?

NEIL

(shrugs)

Doesn't matter.

NANCY

C'mon. Let's get out of this rain.

As they head slowly down the hill, PAN TO THE NUN IN CLOSEUP --

she is fingering a rosary and whispering a prayer as she watches them go.

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TIGHT ON NEIL at the window, staring out at the rain. He speaks quietly, almost as if to himself.

NEIL

I used to think I could do something about it...make some kind of difference

...but they keep slipping through my fingers.

He raises a nearly empty wineglass and drains the last sip.

WIDER ANGLE

The remains of a Chinese takeout dinner is spread on the floor.

Nancy is crouched near the fireplace, feeding paper cartons to the flames.

NANCY

Stop blaming yourself.

NEIL

I'm running out of answers. A patient sleepwalks out of a security ward up to a tower with no access. A girl, alone in a room, dies by jumping six feet straight up into a television set.

Nothing makes sense anymore.

NANCY

Then maybe you're ready.

NEIL

For what?

NANCY

The truth.

NEIL

Try me.

NANCY

(considers it)

Only if you're willing to put aside everything you've learned and trust me.

Can you do that?

NEIL

(pause)

I can do that.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

nancy closes the door and faces the remaining kids: Kristen, Kincaid, Will, Taryn, and Joey. Neil sits by with a clipboard on his knee. Dr. Simms is conspicuously absent.

NEIL

Okay. Straigh talk only in here.

TARYN

Is this Group?

NEIL

Well, unofficially.

WILL

Pretty soon there won't be enough of us

left to call it "Group."

NEIL

Listen up. Nancy's got something to say.

NANCY

(pause)

I know who's trying to kill you.

KINCAID

Don't fucking humor us. We're not in the mood.

NANCY

He wears a dirty brown hat.

(this gets their attention)

He's horribly burned.

(all eyes on her)

He has razors on his right hand.

TARYN

Who is he?

NANCY

Freddy Krueger. He was a child murderer before he died. After he died, he became

...something worse.

(beat)

Six years ago Freddy killed my friends.

He almost killed me. I thought I got rid of him -- but I guess he was too strong.

Thick silence. The kids stare at her, flabbergasted, not knowing whether to believe or doubt. Then: WILL

Why is he after us?

TARYN

Yeah? What did we ever do?

NANCY

Not what you did. Your parents. My parents. They burned him alive.

We're paying for their sins.

(softly)

You're the last of the Elm Street

children.

FAVORING THE KIDS

as they react with bewilderment.

WILL

(can't grasp it)

Mom and Dad? That's...crazy. They never said...

TARYN

Oh sure. That's just the sorta thing parents tell their kids: "Goodnight honey. Don't forget ot say your prayers.

Oh, by the way, your father and I torched some maniac last night."

KINCAID

So what do we do about this creep?

NANCY

Last time, it was me against him. I wasn't strong enough...alone.

WILL

(catching the thread)

But together...

NANCY

Kristen's the key. She's got a very special talent. A gift.

KRISTEN

I haven't been able to do that since I was a little girl.

NANCY

You did it the other night.

KRISTEN

That was different.

NANCY

You never lose a gift like that. You just forget how to use it.

(beat)

How about it? Will you try?

Kristen nods.

NANCY (cont.)

Each one of you has an inner strength --

some special power you've had in your most wonderful dreams. Together we can learn to use those powers...if we try.

NEIL

(muttering to Nancy)

You sound like Peter Pan.

NANCY

Remember -- open mind.

NEIL

(dimming the lights)

Okay, we're going to try a little group hypnosis.

He turns to a high-tech chrome pendulum device sitting on the tabletop and flicks a switch. The pendulum rocks slowly from side to side as a tiny blip of high intensity light flashes intermittently. Everybody stares at the device.

NEIL (cont.)

I want you all to follow the pendulum with your eyes. Tune out everything else...nothing else exists but the pendulum.

NANCY

(softly)

Take us there, Kristen.

NEIL

Breathe deeply and relax...starting with your toes, relax everything until there's no tension left in your bodies. None at all. Keep following the pendulum...

PANNING THE KIDS

as they stare at the device, becoming mesmerized.

NEIL (cont. O.S.)

You find yourselves getting tired.

Nothing wuld feel better right now than a nice, long, deep sleep.

ENDFRAME on Kristen. Eyes fluttering closed.

NEIL (cont. O.S.)

I'm going to count backwards from five, and when I finish, you will all be asleep.

NANCY

watching the pendulum, lulled under its spell.

NEIL (cont. O.S.)

Five...four...three...

NEIL

staring at the device, counting down.

NEIL (cont.)

...two...one.

KRISTEN

Her eyes snap open, she looks up.

WIDER

Everyone looks up. The room is stil teh same, nothing has changed. neil switches the device off.

KRISTEN

I'm sorry.

Everybody reacts, disappointed.

NANCY

We can try again.

NEIL

Everybody take five.

Several kids stand up to stretch their legs. Neil turns to Nancy, drawing her aside.

NEIL

Look, I was willing to go along with this for the kids' peace of mind...and yours.

But you've got to face reality...

JOEY

He is at the water cooler getting a drink. He pauses, hearing the RYTHMIC SQUEAKING OF A CART.

HIS POV

Marcie, the cute candy-striper, appears just outside the door with her cart. She sees him and stops.

JOEY

gives her a goofy grin, totally in love.

MARCIE

looks arund to see if anybody is watching -- then smiles and gestures to him.

JOEY

He glances around, then slips out the door unnoticed.

INT. HALLWAY

Marcie checks again to make sure nobody is watching, then motions for Joey to follow her.

JOEY

hurries after her, his knees going weak.

INT - GROUP THERAPY ROOM

The kids are still taking a break. neil is absently-mindedly toying with the metal click-clack balls.

NANCY

Neil, let's try one more time. If it doesn't work, then I promise --

neil raises the end ball and sends it into the others -- instead of click-clacking, they simply float apart into mid-air.

nancy gapes as the metal balls float past her head.

All activity comes to a standstill. Everybody stares.

WILL

(realizing)

We're here.

TARYN

Where...here?

KRISTEN

Yes. We're in the dream.

NEIL

Staring at the balls, rapt and fascinated.

NEIL

Don't be silly...we're in Group...

WILL (O.S.)

In my dreams, I can walk. My legs are strong.

THE GROUP

They all turn to see Will standing straight and tall. No sign of his wheelchair.

WILL (cont.)

In my dreams, I'm the Dungeonmaster.

He plucks a metal ball from teh air, holds it in his fist, and blows in one end -- a fantasy dragonfly appears out the other.

NANCY AND NEIL

NANCY

We made it. Neil, we made it!

NEIL

(ducking the dragonfly)

This isn't possible.

(beat)

And even if it is...what the hell am I doing here?

(to Kristen)

Did you drag me in here too?

Kristen grins sheepishly.

NANCY

Try soemthing, Kristen. What can you do in your dreams?

Kristen take s afew steps back, then launches herself into a perfectly executed series of twisting handflips across the room.

WILL

A perfct score! The crowd goes wild!

Kincaid picks up a metal chair and twists it open like a paperclip with his bare hands.

KINCAID

Fuckin' A. Dig this.

NEIL

Kincaid, please. That's very unnerving.

KINCAID

Hey, check out Taryn.

TARYN

She's become a brethtaking street punk, like something out of a rock fantasy:

shimmering platinum hair swept back in a wild Mohawk, and sleep black leathers with delicate silver chains.

TARYN

In my dreams, I'm beautiful --

She flicks out a wicked gravity knife and twirls it open faster than the eye can follow.

TARYN (cont.)

-- and bad.

NANCY AND NEIL

Neil looking around, still trying to grasp it.

NANCY

Take it slowly. Remember, this is a dream.

Anything is possible.

NEIL

Anything?

Nancy nods.

CLOSEUP - NEIL

He closes his eys and concentrates, trying an experiment. He opens his eyes and sees:

NANCY

Now wearing a frilly negligee.

NANCY

Very funny.

The kids laugh and hoot. neil blushes, very flustered.

KINCAID

Nice dreaming, Doc.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM

It is an unoccupied dorm room. Marcie leads Joey in. She closes the door softly, then turns to him.

MARCIE

Listen, Joey...I just wanted to get you alone for a second. i mean...

(beat)

Look, I really like you.

She steps closer. Joey gulps.

MARCIE (cont.)

Do you like me?

(Joey nods)

This may sound crazy, but...I make up excuses to come into the ward every day just to see you. you're so cute.

Joey's eyes widen. She sits him on the bed and stands in front of him.

MARCIE (cont.)

I could get into a lot of trouble for this, but I know you won't say anything.

Will you?

Joey shakes his head violently. She turns her back to him.

MARCIE (cont.)

Unzip me.

Joey reaches up and unzips her with shaking hands.

She turns back and shrugs off ehr uniform. She is wearing only skimpy panties. She is magnificent.

MARCIE

(coy smile)

Do you like my body, Joey?

Joey is overwhelmed.

Marcie pushes Joey gently back on the bed and crawls on top of him with sinewy grace. SHe starts unbuttoning his shirt and kissing his chest.

CLOSER

Marcie kisses his mouth, her tongue probing deeply.

Too deeply. Joey gags and draws back -- but Marcie's tongue grows supernaturally long and burrows deeper into his mouth.

CLOSEUP - JOEY

Choking. he grabs the writhing tongue and tries to pull it out of his mouth.

CLOSEUP - MARCI

The tail end of her tongue leaps out of her mouth with a life of its own.

ON JOEY

Both ens of the tongue/creature whip around his wrist and yank it back, twining around the bedpost like a bullwhip.

MARCIE

A second hideously long tongue shoots out of her mouth, throught the air --

JOEY

-- and lashes his other arm to the other bedpost with a THWACK!

Freddy's maniacal LAUGHTER rings out. joey looks up.

JOEY'S POV

Marcie's head has been replaced by Freddy's -- his grotesque laughing face perched atop her lovely body.

FREDDY/MARCIE

(gleefully)

What's wrong, Joey? I thought you liked my body!

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

Two more tongues fly from his mouth simultaneously.

JOEY'S FEET

are lashed to the footboard bedposts.

HIGH ANGLE

Looking directly down on Joey writhing on the bed. The mattress drops away

beneath him, descending a shaft exactly it's size. The mattress is engulfed in a fiery inferno below. CRANE UP as Joey is left suspended over a hellish pit of flame, trying desperately to scream.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP THERAPY

The lights suddenly dim and flicker out. Everybody comes to a standstill, looking around apprehensively.

NEIL

What's happening?

KRISTEN

He's close...

NANCY

Freddy?

KRISTEN

He's heavy in the halls...

TARYN

(realizing)

Where's Joey?

They glance around -- Joey's not with them.

KRISTEN

Freddy's got him! We've got to help him!

Neil grabs the door to throw it open -- but yanks his hand back as the knob glows red hot. The door begins to scorch and sizzle as the room turns stifling hot.

WILL

The room's changing!

The walls begin to close in -- the group is backed into the center of the room as it becomes rounded, cylindrical...like the inside of a furnace. Rivets appear as the walls become scorched steel plate. Neil staggers back.

NEIL

This is crazy...crazy...

He looks down --

ANOTHER ANGLE

-- his feet are slogging through smouldering ash. He steps on a child's charred ribcage -- it crumbles and snaps underfoot like a brittle leaf. A tiny skull is churned up.

KINCAID

hunkers down and tries to push through the steel door, but jumps back as his hands are burned.

THE GROUP

looks about helplessly as the smoke gets denser. ROARING flames leap up around them. Suddnely --

THE FURNACE DOOR

slams open to reveal Simms standing in a perfectly normal hospital hallway. Total silence.

SIMMS

What's going on in here?

REVERSE ANGLE

The Group Therapy Room. Neil, Nancy, and the others are seated in their chairs, heads coming up as the awaken. They gaze around, still confused.

SIMMS (cont.)

What's wrong with Joey?

Joey is lying unconscious on the floor near his chair, arms and legs spread-eagle (in the same pose as being lashed to the bed).

Simms rushes over and checks him.

SIMMS (cont.)

He's not breathing!

Neil pushes her out of the way and kneels over Joey, desperately giving him mouth-to-mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON JOEY lying in a coma, hooked up to monitoring devices and a respirator. ANGLE WIDENS SLOWLY as we DOLLY BACK, revealing a team of TECHNICIANS and NUEROSURGEONS surrounding the bed.

CONTINUE DOLLYING BACK until we find ourselves IN THE HALLWAY

outside the room. neil and Nancy hover by the door, sick with worry. DOCTOR CARVER (60's), the supervising physician of Westin Hills, is stewing in controlled anger. Dr. Simms is self-

righteous now that her predicted disaster has taken place.

The nuerosurgeons exit the room.

NUEROSURGEON

(shakes his head)

He's in a deep coma. There's nothing we can do for him.

The nurosurgeons walk away. Carver turn to Neil.

CARVER

This is insexcusable.

SIMMS

The session was unauthorized. It was purposely conducted without my knowledge.

NEIL

Unusual steps were called for.

CARVER

Is that what I should tell this young man's parents?

(beat)

I understand you prescribed a highly experimental drug.

NANCY

Dr. Carver, he's not in a coma because of the Hypnocyl.

CARVER

Young lady, your opinion is of no

interest to me. Furthermore,

according to Dr. Simms, you've been creating panic among the patients.

NEIL

That's not true.

CARVER

Dr. Goldman, in the last four days we've had two suicides. Now a boy is in a coma. I think it's fair to say your approach has failed...entirely.

(beat)

You're both relieved of your duties.

I want you out of here. Today.

NANCY

Dr. Carver --

Neil motions her quiet. Carver exits.

SIMMS

I'm sorry, Neil. You brought this on yourself.

NEIL

(softly)

For God's sake, Elizabeth...just try to help the kids, will you? Listen to them.

SIMMS

(softening)

Of course.

She exits. Only Nancy and Neil remain.

NANCY

What are we going to do?

NEIL

(softly)

There's nothing we can do. It's out of our hands.

He walks away. She watches his go, then look in Joey. She is desolate.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Neil has packed several boxes of personal files into the trunk of his BMW. He places the final box in -- it's stuffed with drawings from the kids...and some photographs.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH ON TOP

A picture of a group picnic -- featuring Neil with Jennifer and Phillip.

CLOSEUP - NEIL

stares sadly at the picture for an extended beat.

LOW ANGLE

As Neil slams the trunk, the unused wing of the hospital is revealed in the background. It is old, untended, crumbling. A shrouded white figure is standing in one of the upper floor windows.

NEIL

sees the figure and reacts, startled.

THE FIGURE IN THE WINDOW

is the nun from the funeral. She has been staring out the window at him. She turns away and disappears from view.

NEIL

pauses for a moment, then approaches the building.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Neil comes to a set of double doors and rattles them -- they're sealed with a rusty chain and padlock.

He moves to a broken window and peers through the boards nailed across it.

NEIL'S POV

He can see into the long main hallway of the ground floor. He gets a brief glimpse of the nun at the far end as she comes down the stairs, turns on the landing, and heads downstairs to the basement.

NEIL

NEIL

(knocking on the board)

Sister? Sister!

She hasn't heard him. He pries the loose board away and enters through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WING - BASEMENT LEVEL - NIGHT

A forgotten, dusty corridor with peeled paint like parchment on the water-stained walls. Neil comes down the stairs, peering around in the gloom.

The only feature in the dead end hallway is a partially open rusty iron door with a small barred window. A FAINT BUZZING rises and falls from within.

NEIL

Excuse me. Sister?

No answer. Just another swell of FAINT BUZZING. Neil approaches the door and pushes it open all the way. It SQUEALS LOUDLY on its hinges.

INT. ROOM

Neil enters a huge, shadowy, dungeon-like room. Flaking cement pillars stand draped with cobwebs. Rusted remains of bedframes and scraps of wood litter the floor. The BUZZING grows louder, then falls away again.

NEIL (cont.)

Hello?

A wooden match ignites near him, going off like a gunshot in the stillness -- the nun is reavealed. Neil gasps, startled.

NUN

This is where it began.

She turns and lights a candle in a tiny alcove before a statue of the Virgin Mary. Dim light sputters up.

NEIL

This wing's been closed for years.

(looking around)

What was this place?

NUN

Purgatory...fashioned by the hands of men. Twisted, lost souls, the worst of the criminally insane, were locked away in here like animals.

NEIL

The whole facility was shut down in the Forties, wasn't it? Some kind of

scandal...

NUN

(she nods)

A young girl on the staff was accidentally locked in here over the holidays. The inmates managed to keep her hidden for days. She was raped...hundreds of times.

When they found her, she was barely alive...and with child.

NEIL

(softly)

My God.

NUN

That girl was Amanda Krueger. Her child --

NEIL

Freddy.

NUN

The bastard son of a hundred maniacs.

Some say he was murdered, though no body was ever found.

Neil is momentarily distracted by another swell of BUZZING. A fly brushes past his face in the darkness.

NEIL

You said something before...about

laying him to rest...?

NUN

You must find the remains...and bury them in hallowed ground.

The nun turns and climbs the stairs.

NEIL

(blankly)

Hallowed ground?

he moves to follow her, but his foot comes in contact with something near the bottom of the steps. The BUZZING SWELLS UP

LOUDLY. He jumps back.

NEIL'S POV

The grisly carcass of a cat stares up at Neil, hundreds of flies swarming in its dessicated flesh.

THE NUN

Pausing at the top of the stairs.

NUN

If your only faith is science, Doctor...

it may be you that's laid to rest.

As she exits, the door begins to CREAK slowly shut behind her, plunging the room into darkness.

NEIL

scrambles up the steps and grabs the door just before it closes shut.

INT. CORRIDOR

Neil heaves a sigh of relief as he exits the Pit. He looks around. The nun has disappeared.

CUT TO:

INT. INTENSIVE CARE - DAY

Nancy sits at Joey's bedside, gazing at the boy -- so still, so frail. She speaks in a whisper, but her voice is fierce.

NANCY

Let him go, you bastard.

ON JOEY

Short slashes suddenly begin to criss-cross his smooth chest.

NANCY

reacts in horror. Neil enters B.G.

NANCY

Neil...

He comes to her side and looks down.

JOEY

The slashes spell out a message in crude, bloody letters: "COME

AND GET HIM, BITCH."

NANCY AND NEIL

gazing on in horror.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIL'S BMW - DRIVING SHOT - NIGHT

The car glides down a meandering road, leaving Westin Hills behind.

INT. CAR

Neil driving, Nancy beside him.

NEIL

You're not going in. That's exactly what he wants. As long as you're on Hypnocyl, it's the only way he can get to you.

NANCY

Don't you think I know that? I don't have any choice.

NEIL

Bullshit. Getting yourself killed won't do the kids any good. Besides, we do have a choice.

NANCY

Assuming your mysterious nun in right.

NEIL

I've heard crazier things this week.

NANCY

All right. Whoever she is, I'll admit she seems to know more about Krueger than I do.

NEIL

The question is, what happened to Freddy's

body?

NANCY

They burned him to death in his boiler room, but they were smart enough to hide the remains.

NEIL

Who would know where they were hidden?

NANCY

(pause)

There's only one man...and its time for him to talk.

CUT TO:

INT - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

TIGHT ON Kristen's face as she lets out a WAIL of total anguish and despair -- she struggles with Max and Lorenzo as they try to restrain her.

KRISTEN

NOOOOOOOO!

WIDER

Simms is standing by, watching the struggle.

KRISTEN (cont.)

You can't send them away! You can't!

They're all we have!

SIMMS

They weren't helping you, Kristen.

You're a sick girl. You can only get better if you trust me now.

Kristen is fighting like a wildcat -- momentum carries her and the orderlies into the nurse's desk and sends them sprawling in a shower of desktop items.

She hurls a heavy stapler in Simms' direction before Max and Lorenzo grab her again -- they manage to pin her arms, but barely.

THE KIDS

are peering fearfully up the hall at the spectacle.

FAVORING SIMMS

SIMMS

Get her to the Quiet Room and sedate her!

Kristen is dragged down the hall, fighting and kicking every inch of the way.

KRISTEN

(screeming)

YOU STUPID BITCH! YOU'RE KILLING US!

KILLING US!

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE NEMO'S TAVERN - NIGHT

"Tavern" is too nice a word -- it is a dive bar with a flickering neon sign on the worst side of town.

INT. LITTLE NEMO'S

The sort of place you wind up when you have no place left to go.

A dark, grubby figure sits in the deep foreground nursing a beer and staring at nothing. His unshaven face is hard and bitter, haunted by old sorrows. He wears a sodden, rumpled nightwatchman's uniform.

NANCY (O.S.)

Hello Father.

DONALD THOMPSON looks up slowly from his beer.

WIDER ANGLE

Nancy stands nearby with Neil. Thompson smiles wanly.

THOMPSON

Well, if it isn't my little girl...

come to visit her Daddy.

NANCY

It's been a long time.

THOMPSON

Yeah, but here you are. How'd I get so lucky? I thought you were trying to forget I was alive.

NANCY

That's not true. You're the one who's trying to forget.

She sits across from him. Neil hovers at her side.

NANCY (cont.)

I need your help. Krueger's back.

THOMPSON

(chuckles)

Fred Krueger's dead. You always had a little trouble understanding that, Princess.

NANCY

You know what he did. He's doing it again.

NEIL

She's telling the truth.

Thompson's eye flick up at Neil.

THOMPSON

(low, dangerous)

I don't recall as we ever met, friend.

And I don't believe this is any of your goddamn business.

Neil is taken aback for a moment -- he's about to retort, but Nancy silences him with a look. She leans in to her father.

NANCY

I think we can stop him this time.

Stop him for good. But we need to know where the bones were hidden.

THOMPSON

(slow, measured)

I lost too much over this already. I'm through with it.

NANCY

People are still dying. After all this time. Stop running away from it.

(no response)

Daddy, please...don't make me beg.

(still no response)

You owe me.

Thompson meets his daughter's gaze, then averts his eyes. He takes a slow draw on his drink.

THOMPSON (cont.)

It's been nice seeing you, baby.

Don't stay away so long next time.

Nancy can't handle another moment -- she bolt from the table as tears come. Neil glares at Thompson and hurries after her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Neil folllows her to the restroom alcove, where she is trying to pull herself together.

NEIL

Nancy...

NANCY

I'll be okay. Just give me a minute.

He wants to comfort her, but doesn't really have the words. He stands by, looking miserable. His BEEPER GOES OFF. He checks it for the number and crosses to the payphone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL TV ROOM - NIGHT

Taryn snatches the payphone off the wall on the first ring. Will and Kincaid are with her.

TARYN

Doctor Goldman?

INT. TAVERN

Neil on the phone, Nancy at his shoulder.

NEIL

Taryn? Is that you? What's the matter?

INT. HOSPITAL

TARYN

You gotta come right away. It's Kristen.

She had a total shit attack when Simms told us you and Nancy got fired.

INT. TAVERN

Neil listens, his face draining of color.

NEIL

Oh Christ.

(to Nancy)

Simms put Kristen in the Quiet Room for the night. They sedated her.

NANCY

No...

INT. HOSPITAL

TARYN

She's too doped up to stay awake for long. She's alone in there -- alone!

Freddy's gonna get her!

INT. TAVERN

NEIL

Okay, none of you panic. Just stay

cool. Help's on the way.

He hangs up.

NANCY

We've got to get over there now. We have to make Sims understand!

He digs out his car keys and holds them out to her.

NEIL

You go.

She stares at him, not understanding.

NEIL (cont.)

I'm gonna get the remains.

NANCY

(indicating her father)

Neil, it's no use. You saw how he is.

NEIL

Just go. Kristen needs you. Keep her awake somehow.

(Nancy tries to argue)

Do it.

Nancy takes the keys. Their eyes lock for a long, intense moment

-- then they share a spontaneous, passionate kiss.

Nancy turns and leaves without another word.

ANGLE ON THOMPSON

He sees his daughter leave, then turns his blank gaze back to his beer.

Neil casually walks over. Thompson ignores him.

NEIL

I'm Neil Goldman. Pleased to meet you.

(beat)

There, we've met.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Neil lashes viciously out with his foot and kicks the table over -- everything goes flying. Before Thompson can so much as blink, neil hauls him out of his chair and slams him violently against the wall.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

Neil and Thompson, nose to nose. Neil speaks with barely contained rage.

NEIL

(low, tight)

Listen up, asshole. I don't know if you care whether Nancy lives or dies, but I do.

(pause)

You and I are going on a little

scavenger hunt.

Thompson stares at Neil, dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

INT. QUIET ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen wanders in aimless circles in the confinement of the small padded room, weeping with despair as she desperately tries to stay on her feet.

KRISTEN

(weakly)

Please God...please...

She stumbles and lurches into the wall, held up by sheer luck alone. She pushes herself away, staggering -- her movements are jerky and uncordinated.

KRISTEN (cont.)

...don't make...me...sleep...

CUT TO:

INT. NEIL'S CAR - NIGHT

nancy at the wheel, steely with determination as she speeds back to the hospital.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A small church in a poor neighborhood. Thompson's battered old Dodge grinds to a stop at the curb.

INT. DODGE

THOMPSON

(dourly regards teh church)

What the hell are we doing here?

Neil reaches over, shuts off the ignition, and takes the key.

There is a pint bottle of whiskey juting from Thompson's jacket pocket. Neil snatches the bottle before Thompson can react.

THOMPSON (cont.)

Hey!

NEIL

I won't be long.

Neil gets out of the car. he empties the contents of the pint bottle on the pavement as he hurries toward the church.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Three WORSHIPPERS are seated in the pews, seeking comfort in silent prayer. Neil rushes in at the back of the church.

CLOSER - NEIL

sees a small basin of holy water attached to the wall. he submerges Thompson's bottle, filling it with holy water. He caps the bottle, pockets it, then proceeds up the aisle.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Neil comes to a candle shrine. A foot-high crucifix is attached to the wall above it. He grabs the cross and tries to lift it off its mount -- it comes loose with a loud CLANG, a lift it off its mount -- it comes loose with a loud CLANG, a jarring sound in the silent church. Worshippers turn to look.

Feeling comspicuous, Neil turns to find himself facing a PRIEST.

NEIL

Oh. Hello.

PRIEST

What do you think you're doing?

NEIL

Look, I'm sorry, but I need this...

He digs out his wallet. Empty.

NEIL (cont.)

I swear I'll reimburse you. Really.

Here, keep my driver's license. I'll be back.

Neil hurries out, leaving the baffled priest holding his driver's license.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nancy enters, hurrying toward the Quiet Room. Max appears, blocking her from the Quiet Room hallway.

NANCY

Max, I have ot see Kristen!

Max shakes his head.

NANCY (cont.)

You don't understand --

The big man holds up his hand for silence.

MAX

Save your breath, Ms. Thompson. Dr.

Simms gave me specific instructions.

Nobody gets to see Kristen -- especially you. She made that real clear.

NANCY

But Max, she needs me. It could mean life or death.

Max pauses briefly...and decides to speak his mind.

MAX

(softly)

Look, I think you really mean well...

but my kids been dyin' off. Even if I didn't have orders from Simms, I wouldn't let you near her. No way.

Nancy backs down. There's no way she'll get past him.

NANCY

Okay, Max...I understand.

(a plea)

Can I say goodbye to the others?

Max wavers, his emotions getting to him.

MAX

I don't know...

NANCY

It'll be my last chance. Pleese?

It's against his better judgement, but Max finally nods.

MAX

You got five minutes.

NANCY

Thank you.

She heads toward the dorms.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She comes around the corner. Taryn, Will, and Kincaid have been waiting for her, frantic with worry.

TARYN

What'd you do, take the scenic route?

NANCY

Sshhh. No time for that. Come on.

WILL

Where?

NANCY

Our last Group.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

A vast auto junkyard on the outskirts of town. Towering stacks of gutted cars glitter in the moonlight like the crusty bones of some long ago dinosaur graveyard. It is an awesome, twisting maze.

Thompson's Dodge pulls up to the gate. The headlights reveal a faded sign on the tall chain link fence: "PENNY BROS. AUTO

SALVAGE."

THOMPSON

In there. Charlie Penny owns the place.

We knew no one would ever find it. I'm not even sure I can find it again.

NEIL

How do we get in?

THOMPSON

They used to keep a spare key.

EXT. CAR

Thompson steps out and crosses to teh wood stat structure that serves as the junkyard's office and reaches under the porch.

CLOSER - THE GATE

Thompson steps into the headlight beams and unlocks teh rusted padlock.

Suddenly, a vicious junkyard dog shoots up into frame, barking and slavering just inches from his face, rattling the chain link fence.

THOMPSON

(unruffled)

Hey, Jesse James. Don't you remember me, boy?

He swings the gate open and offers an open hand to the dog. Jesse sniffs the hand suspiciously, then wags his tail.

THOMPSON (cont.)

That a boy.

He turns, motioning to Neil to bring the car through. Neil scoots to the driver's side.

WIDER ANGLE

Neil pulls the car in and stops at the mouth of the maze.

Thompson secures the gate.

INT. CAR

Thompson gets back in on the passenger side. Neil is suddenly playing chauffer.

THOMPSON

All right. It's deep in the heart of this place. Take it slow.

Neil eases on the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy closes the door and turns to the kids. They look to her, waiting.

NANCY

Okay, straight talk only in here.

TARYN

What about Kristen?

NANCY

We can't get to her. I've tried.

She dims the lights and goes to the pendulum device.

NANCY (cont.)

I was hoping we'd have more time to learn how to use the dreams...

(beat)

But Joey's in there. And Kristen's going in with or without us. They need us.

WILL

You mean we're gonna try to go in with her? To link up?

NANCY

It's now or never. I won't kid you.

This is as dangerous as it gets. If

you die in the dream, it's for real.

Nobody has to go in that doesn't want to.

THE KIDS

A long silence. Their faces reflect conflicting emotions. Fear, dread, anticipation. Then, quietly: WILL

I'm in.

TARYN

Me too.

KINCAID

Let's go kick that motherfucker's ass all over dreamland.

Her face reflects the same emotions -- but mostly, there is pride in the kids. She turns the pendulum on and sits with them.

NANCY

Now remember -- whatever happens, stay together. That's the only way we can beat him.

THE GROUP

Staring intensely at the pendulum.

NANCY

(softly)

Clear your minds...of everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Thompson's car pulls slowly around a tight corner and stos in what amounts to a small clearing deep in the labyrinth of stacked autos.

Thompson and Neil get out, the weak headlights of teh old Dodge illminating the towering heaps of rusted metal surrounding them.

Thompson peers around, then points.

THOMPSON

That's it. The Caddy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The rear end of a ravaged 59 Cadillac sticks out from beneath a huge stack of automotive carcasses, its rusted tailfins jutting like the spines of some prehistoric beast.

Neil crosses to the car and runs his hands over the corroded surface of the trunk. He tries to lift it, but it's locked tight.

THOMPSON

stands beside the Dodge. He takes a swig from a pint bottle and glances around into the darkness nervously.

NEIL

finds a large four-pronged tire iron -- three ends for lug nuts, the other end a sharp wedge. He jams it under teh trunk lid and applies pressure.

CLOSEUP - THOMPSON

observing nervously.

NEIL

leans his head closer to the trunk as he strains against the tire iron.

CLOSEUP - THE LOCK

explodes in a cloud of rust.

CLOSEUP - NEIL

Gazing in. PAN TO an ancient, crusty burlap sack lying in the shadows of the trunk.

INT. THOMPSON'S DODGE

Thompson silently eases behind the wheel of his Dodge, careful not to draw Neil's attention. he's going to get the hell out of here --

-- but there are no keys in the ignition. Thompson looks up, glaring at Neil through the windshield.

EXT. DODGE

Neil holds up Thompson's keys.

NEIL

Going somewhere?

Thompson gets out of the car.

THOMPSON

I showed you where the goddamn thing was.

I didn't say I'd stick around.

Neil tosses Thompson a shovel.

NEIL

We've got work to do.

THOMPSON

What are you talking about?

NEIL

You're about to attend a funeral. One that's long overdue.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy and the kids are staring at the pendulum, faces slack.

Nancy's voice is a soft hush. They are being lulled into the dream state.

NANCY

Picture yourselves in the Quiet Room...

the soft white walls...the total

silence...just the sound of your

hearts beating. Picture yourself

there...with Kristen.

(beat)

I'm going to count backwards from five.

And when I'm done, we'll all be

asleep...we'll all be in the Quiet Room.

CUT TO:

INT. QUIET ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen is slumped in a corner, face against the wall, totally incoherent now. There is no more fight left in her. She is fading...fading...

KRISTEN

(a bare whisper)

Nancy...

CUT TO:

INT. GROUP ROOM - CLOSEUP NANCY

NANCY (cont.)

Five...

CLOSEUP - WILL

NANCY (cont. O.S.)

Four...

CLOSEUP - TARYN

NANCY (cont. O.S.)

Three...

CLOSEUP - KINCAID

NANCY (cont. O.S.)

Two...

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

NANCY (cont. O.S.)

One.

Kristen's eyes flutter open.

KRISTEN

Nancy?

WIDER ANGLE

Nancy and the others are now in the Wuiet Room with Kristen.

Kristen looks around, crying and happy that her friends are here.

She hugs them in turn -- a sweet, teary reunion.

KRISTEN (cont.)

I knew you'd come.

NANCY

You didn't think we'd let you go alone?

KINCAID

No fuckin' way. We're a team.

KRISTEN

Joey needs us. I can feel him.

NANCY

How do we find him, Kristen?

THE WALL

Four huge razors slash through the canvas -- RIIIIIIP! Cotton padding flies.

THE GROUP

reacts as teh razors vanish -- then RIP from the wall directly behind them. Everyone moves to the center of the room.

NANCY

Whatever happens, stay together!

VARIOUS ANGLES

Cotton padding billows through the air as the razors slash through the wall again and again -- from in front, from behind, from the side, from the floor, from everywhere.

The Quiet room becomes a white void of ripping and slashing -- a vicious blizzard of whirling padding.

WILL

The blades lash out from the billowing clouds of cotton. He's forced back.

TARYN

screams as the blades flash by her.

NANCY

NANCY

(shielding her eyes)

HOLD HANDS! FIND EACH OTHER!

KRISTEN

Screaming, panicking, spun around in the blizzard. Lost.

KRISTEN

NANCY!

CLOSEUP - KRISTEN

The blizzard of cotton padding dissipates and slowly vanishes.

Kristen looks up a dream.

ANGLE WIDENS SLOWLY OUT to reveal Kristen sitting at her drafting table in her bedroom at home. The crude paper mache Elm Street House model is in front of her, still under construction. Warren Zevon's "I'll Sleep When I'm Dead" still blares from the radio.

Nothing has changed. She's still home. Safe. She wonders if all of it, everything, has been nothing but a bad dream.

Her mother enters, dressed in the same beautiful evening gown, and snaps the radio off.

ELAINE

Honey, you'll wake the whole neighborhood!

KRISTEN

(bleary-eyed)

Mom?

ELAINE

What are you still doing up? It's past one.

KRISTEN

I thought I'd wait for you.

ELAINE

(touched)

Well, I'm home now, so you can go right to sleep. C'mon, angel.

She turns down teh covers. Kristen crawls onto the bed and throws her arms around Elaine's neck in a spontaneous hug.

ELAINE (cont.)

What's that for?

KRISTEN

I'm just glad you're home.

Elaine gives her a kiss and tucks her in. She goes to teh door and reaches for the lightswitch.

KRISTEN (cont.)

Mom?

ELAINE

(pauses in doorway)

What?

KRISTEN

I had such an awful dream.

A MAN'S VOICE comes from downstairs: MAN (O.S.)

Elaine? Where do you keep the bourbon?

ELAINE

I'll be right down.

(to Kristen)

Kris, I've got a guest.

KRISTEN

Can we talk? Just for a minute?

ELAINE

Can't it wait till morning?

KRISTEN

Please Mom? I just don't want to be alone.

Suddenly, Elaine is violently yanked out the door, revealing: FREDDY

framed in the doorway, wearing immaculate formal wear, screaming at Elaine (she's off camera).

FREDDY

BITCH! I SAID WHERE'S THE FUCKING

BOURBON!

He sweeps his razors down at her.

KRISTEN

SCREMING in bed.

FREDDY

Grinning insanely, he leans into the room, holding Elaine's decapitated head up for Kristen.

FREDDY

You should listen to your mother,

Kristen.

CLOSEUP - ELAINE'S HEAD

Dangling in Freddy's grasp, blood dripping from the neck, it jabbers at Kristen in a glassy-eyed harangue.

ELAINE'S HEAD

Gaddamn it Kristen, you always ruin everything! Every time I have a man over you spoil it! You know what

your shrink said! You're only trying to get attention!

KRISTEN

screaming and screaming.

FREDDY

drops the head and lunges at her, claws swiping the air.

KRISTEN

rolls out of bed as Freddy's claws tear her pillow open in an explosion of feathers.

WIDER

Kristen turns and runs, Freddy right on her heels, his finger blades mere inches from her back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kristen's momentum takes her right up the wall -- she pushes off in an incredible gymnast's flip, hurtling up in an arc back over Freddy's head -- Freddy hits the wall, his finger-razors burying deep in the plaster.

KRISTEN

makes a perfect landing near her bed and snatches up her bedspread.

FREDDY

howls with rags and yanks his razors from the wall in an explosion of plaster. he whirls and dives at Kristen --

-- as she flings the bedspread over him. He tangles up, going down hard, thrashing to get free.

KRISTEN

hurtles herself out the window in an explosion of glass.

FREDDY

Ripping and slashing, he wrestles the bedspread off and hurls it away in tatters. He looks aroudn, howling with rage.

CUT TO:

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Kristen EXPLODES through a skylight in the living room ceiling and drops to teh floor in a rain of glass. Bruised and battered, she rises to her feet and looks around. Lost. Alone.

KRISTEN

(calling out)

Nancy!

CUT TO:

INT. ELM STREET HALLWAY - NIGHT

Whirling cotton fills the screen...dissipating to reveal Taryn in her full dream warrior splendor, platinum crest of hair shimmering. She finds herself in a twisting hallway in teh dreamscape -- and hears KRISTEN'S FAINT CALL.

TARYN

(calling out)

Kristen? Is that you?

She hurries up a passageway and turns a corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Freddy leaps from the darkness, blades flashing.

Taryn nimbly dodges and whirls, producing two large gravity knives. She click-clacks them open, twirling them expertly.

TARYN

Okay asshole. Let's dance.

Freddy gives her an evil smile and squares off against her.

They circle each otehr slowly...then Freddy lashes out.

Taryn ducks and cuts deeply across Freddy's ribs.

Freddy SCREAMS with anger and swipes twice more, ripping deep gouges in Taryn's shoulder.

Taryn draws back, keeping her guard up. She feints, then strikes out, slashing Freddy again.

This time Freddy draws back.

FREDDY

Taryn...why should we fight? You and I are old friends.

Taryn stands poised, ready for anything.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

FREDDY

(grinning)

Let's get high.

He raises his hands into frame -- his fingerhave all turned into oversized hypodermic neeles, their needle-sharp tips glittering in the darkness.

TARYN

Revolted by teh weird display. She looks down, feeling something strange.

CLOSEUP - TARYN'S ARMS

Her needle track scars are expanding and contracting like tiny sucking mouths...hungry...

WIDER

The instant her guard is down, Freddy lunges at her and buries both sets of hypodermic fingers into her arms, pinning her to the wall. Taryn SCREAMS.

CLOSEUP - HYPO FINGERS

As their inner plunges depress, Taryn's biceps swell grotesquely, veins bulging impossibly.

TARYN

We can actually see the high-pressure fluid travel upward as her veins and body balloon, racing from her arms -- her neck swells --

temples expand -- eyeballs bulge --

Then the top of her head literally exploded.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

FREDDY

What a rush.

CUT TO:

INT. ELM STREET BASEMENT - NIGHT

MOVING WITH Will -- he holds a torch high in one hand, a saber in the other. He looks like a thin pirate out of a Dungeons and Dragons game.

WILL

(calling out)

Hello? You guys, where are you?

He heas a SOUND somewhere in the darkness ahead. He pauses...nothing.

Suddenly, there's a SOUND OF SCREECHING METAL

and a strange object comes racing out of the darkness at him. He lunges out of the way.

THE OBJECT

screeches to a halt and wheels about. It's an oversiezed, nightmarish version of Will's wheelchair -- made of rusty, twisted metal and bristling with spikes and hooks. To sit in it would be agonizing death.

FREDDY (O.S.)

You look tired, Will. Have a seat.

REVERSE ANGLE

Will whirls about to see Freddy leaning nonchalantly against a pillar.

WILL

(shaken)

No thanks. I'm fine just the way I am.

FREDDY

For now. But when you wake up...

(singing)

...you're back in the saddle again.

Will is visibly upset by this -- and reacts too slowly as the wheelchair bears down on him again.

WILL

is sideswiped and knocked to the ground, his leg bleeding.

THE CHAIR

spins around, preparing for another run.

FREDDY

FREDDY

It's the chair for you, kid.

THE CHAIR

The wheels smoke, burning rubber as it launches itself at Will.

CLOSEUP - WILL

WILL

(softly, to himself)

I'm the Dungeonmaster...the Dungeonmaster...

WIDER

Will suddenly levitates to his feet. A wizard's robe swirls about him as crackling electricity plays across his fingertips, just like the illustration on the Dungeonmaster game card.

LOW ANGLE

The wheelchair ROARS over camera.

WILL

Green lightning explodes from his fingertips and shatters the wheelchair into fragments.

FREDDY

reacts in surprise.

WILL

looks up at Freddy, grinning with his newfound power. The dancing lights emanating from his fingers cast a weird glow across his face.

WILL

In the name of Elric, Prince of Elves --

demon begone!

WIDER

Will rushes at Freddy, shooting wizard's fire. The crackling green energy engulfs Freddy completely --

-- but Freddy grabs Will by the front of his shirt and lifts him off the ground.

CLOSER

Freddy snarls into Will's face as the living energy twines around

him.

FREDDY

Sorry kid. I don't believe in fairy tales.

Freddy buries his claws in Will's chest -- the blades points jut out of Will's back as his death cry ECHOES down teh halls.

CUT TO:

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Kristen wanders through the twisting distorted hallways of the dreamscape. She hears Will's SCREAM echo and fade away.

KRISTEN

HELLO? ANYBODY?

NANCY'S VOICE

(faint, faraway)

Kristen?

She turns a corner and sees Nancy at the end of a hallway.

KRISTEN (cont.)

Nancy!

They rush toward each other -- but stop as they hear a strange CRUNCHING SOUND.

KRISTEN

What's that?

NANCY

I don't know.

The SOUND comes again -- a horrible CRACKING AND SNAPPING. The wall begins to spiderweb with cracks as it bulges outward.

Something big seems to be trying to press through to cut them off from each other. Nancy and Kristen back away warily.

Suddenly, there is an EXPLOSION of wood and plaster -- and Kincaid steps through.

KINCAID

(grinning)

Yo. I thought I heard voices.

Nancy and Kristen yell with delight. Kristen throws her arms around him.

KRISTEN

Kincaid! I could kiss you!

KINCAID

What's stopping you?

Kristen is taken aback for a moment -- then gives him a chaste but sincere kiss on the mouth. He grins.

KINCAID

Cool. So where's Joey?

KRISTEN

I don't know. It's like a maze in here.

KINCAID

Then it's time to stop guessin' and start messin'.

(hollering)

FREDDY! WHERE YOU HIDING, YOU PUSSY?

NANCY

Kincaid -- we should find the others first...

KINCAID

YOU'RE HOT STIT WITH A LITTLE MUTE KID --

LET'S SEE YOU TAKE A PIECE OF ME!

(silence)

KRUEGER!

Still no response.

KINCAID (cont.)

(muttering)

I knew he was chickensh--

Suddenly, the lights around them flinker and dim. They hear a DEEP, REVERBERATING GROAN OF METAL. All look over the railing.

OVER THE SHOULDER

as they peer downward. Where before there was nothing, there are now two huge, rusty boiler room doors slowly swinging open like the entrance to Hell. Orange light flickers from below.

KINCAID

Still finishing his prior statement.

KINCAID

-- shhhiiiiit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The tree slowly descend teh stairs, all bravado lost. They stop before the immense gate. Within lies flickering darkness and twisting steps leading down.

NANCY

This is it. Are you ready?

Kristen nods.

KINCAID

Let's snuff the fucker.

They descend.

INT. BOILER ROOM - ENTRANCE

Nancy, Kristen, and Kincaid cautiously come down the winding stairs and pass under an arch way made of twisted, scorched tricycles and shattered dolls.

They exchange worried looks, then step through.

MASTER

A surrealistic boiler room, air red with heat and haze.

Freddy sits on a throne made of children's skulls and bones.

Joey is nearby, suspended over the pit of flames like a weird altar.

Welcome to Freddy Hell.

FREDDY

FREDDY

(low gutteral chuckle)

Look Joey...all the little piggies have come home.

JOEY

He turns his terrified, pleading eyes toward his friends. His skin is hot and blistered. The tongues that lash his hands and feet to the four posts are writhing slowly, licking his ankles and wrists. He opens his mouth in a mute,

silent scream.

NANCY, KRISTEN, KINCAID

KRISTEN

(softly)

Joey...

Nancy steps forward.

NANCY

Let him go.

THE THRONE

Freddy sweeps his hands, the obedient servant.

FREDDY

Your wish is my command.

He makes a gesture.

JOEY

The tongue/creature securing his left wrist unravels -- he drops precariously. The other tongues begin to loosen their hold.

NANCY

lunges to the edge of the pit, reaching for Joey.

FREDDY

laughs maniacally.

THE PIT

The last tongues give way and Joey drops --

-- just as Nancy snatches his wrist and hangs on. Kincaid grabs Nancy by the belt and hauls them both back out.

KRISTEN

With a cry, she runs and does a double flip over the burning pit -- right at Freddy.

THE THRONE

Kristen snap-kicks right into Freddy's face, toppling him and the throne backwards.

KINCAID

strains as he rips a six-foot section of pipe from the wall and races toward the throne.

NANCY

helps Joey to his feet just as a tongue/creature flies out of the darkness and whips around her neck, strangling her.

FREDDY

rises from the rubble of his throne and lashes at Kristen. She flips over his head -- but Freddy backhands her, sending her spinning across the room.

NANCY

Clutching one end of the writhing tongue, she forces it to the ground. She grabs a furnace poker and skewers the creature. It instantly unravels from her neck.

THE FALLEN THRONE

As Freddy prepares to slash Kristen, Kincaid races in, swinging his pipe in a

wide arc. It smashes across Freddy's back, driving him to his knees.

Kincaid raises the pipe for a second blow, but Freddy leaps up with a ROAR and grabs Kincaid, hauling him high over his head.

Nancy rushes in just as Freddy's arms are extended and plunges the poker into his heart.

Everyone freezes.

FREDDY

looks down at the poker with an exaggerated gasp -- then flashes a grin at Nancy.

NANCY

reacts in horror.

FREDDY

releases Kincaid's feet and holds him dangling by the throat.

With his free hand, he pulls the poker slowly from his chest. He looks at the tip -- it glistens with dark, rancid gore. He licks it like an ice cream cone.

NANCY AND KRISTEN

Kristen rises, using Nancy for support.

KRISTEN

Nancy!

NANCY

He's too strong! He was never this strong!

FREDDY

whirls to her, Kincaid still choking in his upraised fist.

FREDDY

(hissing)

Yesss! The souls of the children...

He rips his shirt open, revealing his hideously scarred body.

FREDDY (cont.)

...they make me stronger.

His flesh begins to undulate and swell.

TIGHT ON FREDDY'S TORSO

Rippling blisters appear, forming into faces -- horrible, tortured faces wailing in despair. We recognize Phillip ... Jennifer ...

Will ... Taryn ...

NANCY AND KRISTEN

Total horror and revulsion.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

An insane, gleeful grin -- and a gutteral whisper: FREDDY

Always room for more.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - TRUNK OF '59 CADILLAC - NIGHT

The burlap sack is lifted out.

TIGHT ON BURLAP SACK

as neil drops it beside a freshly dug grave. Freddy's bones clatter.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy flinches in pain -- he looks up in fear, suddenly aware that somebody's disturved his bones. His fear is slowly replaced by an evil, cunning grin.

He vanishes -- Kincaid finds himself struggling and choking in mid-air. He drops to the ground, gasping for breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Thompson crawls from the shallow grave and throws the shovel aside.

THOMPSON

What the hell good is this supposed to do?

Ignoring him, Neil picks up the tire iron and holds it up.

NEIL

This will be our headstone.

He jams the tire iron into the ground at the foot of the grave.

It looks like a cross.

THOMPSON

(hears something)

What was that?

NEIL

What?

THOMPSON

Listen.

Neil now hears the FAINT SOUND OF ROCK MUSIC on the night breeze.

NEIL

Somebody else is out here.

THOMPSON

No. We're alone.

Another song snaps to life -- closer to them. The Rolling Stones'

"Sympathy for the Devil."

INT. WRECKED CHEVY

We can see Neil and Thompson through the cracked windshield of the rusted-out Chevy. The radio suddenly lights up, blaring another rock song.

NEIL AND THOMPSON

More MUSIC comes from all around them, blasting from teh radios of long-dead autos, a cacophony of rock songs from the 50's and 60's.

We hear the HOWLING of Wolfman Jack.

THE CARS - VARIOUS ANGLES

Broken headlights sputter to life. A windshield wiper near Thompson slaps madly back and forth across shattered glass. Horns honk. An exposed fan blade WHIRRS like a buzzsaw.

NEIL AND THOMPSON

THOMPSON

(hoarse whisper)

The whole place is coming to life...

Both men turn to look at the burlap sack. There is a slight stirring from within.

Neil hurries over and grabs the sack to throw it into the grave.

THE SACK

Suddenly, a skeletal hand wearing finger-razors tears through the rotted burlap and latches onto Neil's wrist.

The sack rips wide open as Freddy's charred bones leap into life -- a hideous shambling skeleton SCREAMING with unearthly rage.

THOMPSON

Frozen to the spot. Can't believe his eyes.

NEIL

falls back, scrambling away as Freddy's blades slash the air inches in front of his face.

WIDER

Suddenly, Jesse the junkyard dog hurtles out of the darkness onto the hellish thing's back, biting and snapping.

The skeleton pulls the dog from its back, slashes its throat in one quick motion, and tosses the carcass aside.

THOMPSON

Something snaps in him as he glares at the skeleton.

THOMPSON

It's really you.

CLOSEUP - SKELETON

It turns and grins hideously at Thompson.

THOMPSON

grabs a piece of pipe and rushes the monster.

THOMPSON

I'll send you back to Hell here you belong!

THE CREATURE

meets Thompson's rush head on, blocking the pipe and yanking him off his feet.

It hurls Thompson through the air with incredible force.

THE CADILLAC

Thompson slams into it, impaled on the tail fin. He looks down at the metal point jutting from his chest...and dies.

NEIL

grabs the shovel and swings it -- the skeleton ducks and slashes Neil's ribs, ripping his shirt wide open.

As Neil doubles over, the skeleton rips the shovel from his hands and smashes it solidly against his head. Before Neil can crumple, the creature straightens him up with a second vicious blow -- we hear BONE CRACK. Neil falls back into the grave.

The skeleton shrieks with unholy laughter and begins to shovel the loose dirt onto Neil.

It tosses the shovel aside, raises its arms into the air with a victorious HOWL -- and collapses into a pile of bones.

CUT TO:

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy, Kristen, Kincaid, and Joey exit the boiler room, limping, battered, and bloody. They face the weird perspectives of the Elm Street halls.

NANCY

Kristen, can you pull us out?

KRISTEN

They sedated me. We're stuck here till it wears off.

NANCY

Let's try this way.

They start down a corridor and enter: INT. SEWING ROOM

Eerie mannikins and an ornate three-way mirror stand in teh shadows.

KRISTEN

It's a dead end.

Suddenly, there's activity in the mirror. A wavering light...then Freddy materializes. An infinity of Freddies are reflected in the three-way mirror behind him.

FREDDY

Sorry to keep you waiting. Perhaps if there were more of me to spread around.

Freddy runs into the room, magically followed by rows of his mirror reflections.

KINCAID

Holy shit! He's multiplying!

The room is suddenly filled with dozens of Freddies slashing and chasing our heroes.

NANCY

leaps over a wicker basket to escape a Freddy. As a second Freddy lunges, she jams a knitting needle through its throat.

KRISTEN

springs over a group of Freddies, catches a wall fixture, and flips across the room.

KINCAID

With a battle cry, he plows into the charging Freddies, bowling them over.

JOEY

cringes back, cowering behind the mannikins.

THE MIRROR

More Freddies pouring into the room.

NANCY

is backed into a corner, torn with slash marks.

KRISTEN

delivering flying kicks, but slowing down. A Freddy grabs her from behind, holding her for the others.

KINCAID

goes down under the sheer weight of Freddies crawling all over him, slashing. There are jsut too many.

JOEY

steps out from behind teh mannikins, shaking with emotion as his friends are overwhelmed -- none of them can last more that a few seconds longer. He opens his mouth and --

CLOSEUP - JOEY

JOEY

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

An incridible, deafening, universe-shaking cry. Joey has found his dream power.

THE THREE-WAY MIRROR

is blown into fragments.

VARIOUS ANGLES

All the Freddies EXPLODING into shards of hurtling glass as nancy, Kristen, and Kincaied cover their ears.

JOEY

finally stops. Total silence. He looks just as surprised as everyone else at what he's done.

JOEY

(softly)

Wow.

(does a double take

at his own voice)

Did I say that?

KINCAID

You sure as shit did! You saved our asses!

KRISTEN

He's gone! We got him!

Kincaid scoops Joey into his arms in a crushing bear hug.

JOEY

Hey man, put me down!

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

TIGHT ON the open grave. A bloody, dirt-encrusted hand grasps the edge of teh grave. A second hand follows. Neil Goldman slowly, painfully pulls himself out of the grave.

He has an ugly wound on the side of his head and his collarbone's broken -- but he's alive.

Gasping with pain, Neil crawls to the pile of Freddy's remains.

With tremendous effort, he pushes hte bones over the edge into the grave.

CLOSEUP - GRAVE

The bones tumble into the earthen pit.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen helps Nancy to her feet as she brushes away the shattered glass of the Freddies.

KRISTEN

Are you okay?

NANCY

I think so.

They embrace tearfully.

NANCY

(softly)

It's over. It's over.

THOMPSON (O.S.)

Nancy...

Nancy turns and sees her father floating toward her, glowing in a golden nimbus of light.

NANCY

Daddy?

THOMPSON (cont.)

I've crossed over, Princess.

NANCY

Crossed over?

THOMPSON

But I couldn't go until I told you how sorry I am for all the things I've done.

Nancy gazes at him, slowly comprehending.

THOMPSON (cont.)

I love you so much. I'll always love you. Goodbye, Princess.

Nancy goes to embrace ehr father one final time.

NANCY

I'll always love you, Dadd --

Her words are cut short as her body jerks violently.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TIGHT

"Thompson" is wearing Freddy's glove -- the razors buried in Nancy's stomach.

CLOSEUP - NANCY

Her eyes wide and staring as she realizes.

NANCY

(weakly)

No.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY/THOMPSON

As Thompson's face disappears and is replaced by Freddy's.

FREDDY

Die, bitch.

He jams the blades in deeper.

CUT TO:

EXT - JUNKYARD - NIGHT

CLOSEUP ON Neil -- using his one good hand, he grasps the bottle of holy water and uncorks it with his teeth. He presses it to his forehead and closes his eyes.

NEIL

(hoarse whisper)

Please God. For the children. For Nancy.

He looks down at Freddy's remains.

NEIL (cont.)

Ashes to ashes.

He flicks a stream of holy water onto the bones.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy, still locked in an embrace with Nancy as she dies, SCREAMS

as a pattern of holes rip across his body -- bright shafts of light burst through.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

NEIL

Dust to dust.

He flicks a second stream of water.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Another arc of holes explode across Freddy's body. He arches back, SHRIEKING --

-- and Nancy slides of his blades. Kristen runs to her.

CUT TO:

EXT - JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Neil holds the crucifix. He leans down and presses it against the skull.

NEIL

Lay this spirit to rest.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWING ROOM - CLOSEUP FREDDY

A cross-shaped hole explodes from Freddy's forehead -- brilliant, blinding white light pours out.

WIDER

As Freddy staggers back, riddled with glowing holes, we see a whrilwind of

spirit faces pouring from him -- sould of his victims soaring out, freed at last.

KINCAID AND JOEY

Awestruck as they watch.

FREDDY

The holes expand, eating Freddy alive as his SCREAM ECHOES across the dreamscape.

The shafts of light from his body merge into one white hot ball --

then EXPLODES.

Freddy is gone.

KRISTEN

cradles Nancy in her arms. nancy is drifting toward death.

KRISTEN

(crying)

He's gone. It's over. Please don't die, Nancy. Please.

NANCY

(weak)

I'm so proud of you all.

(pause)

Tell Neil I...

She sags against Kristen. Kristen shakes her head, tears brimming.

KRISTEN

I won't let you die. i won't.

(lower, strange intensity)

I'm going to dream you...

(whispering in Nancy's ear)

I'm going to dream you into a beautiful dream. Forever and ever.

She closes her eyes and holds Nancy tight.

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

Three caskets are surrounded by a large number of MOURNERS.

CLOSER

Kristen, Joey, and Kincaid watch tearfully. Neil, wearing a neck brace, puts his arm around the kids as the caskets are lowered.

CLOSEUP - NEIL

He notices movement on the hilltop.

NEIL'S POV

The nun stands on the crest of the hill. She turns and walks away, disappearing from view.

NEIL

leaves the funeral and starts up the hillside after her.

HILLTOP

As neil reaches the tree where he first met the nun, he catches a glimpse of her as she dissappears behind a crypt.

NEIL

Sister...wait.

THE CRYPT

Neil rounds the crypt -- the nun has vanished.

Only a simple tombstone stands at this edge of the field.

Neil steps closer.

THE TOMBSTONE

The inscription reads:

Here Lies Amanda Krueger

Her name in Christ,

Sister Mary Helena.

Born 1907 - Died 1968

CLOSEUP - NEIL

NEIL

(softly)

My God. You were his mother.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The seasons have changed. A blanket of freshly fallen snow covers the house.

A VW Rabbit with New York plates is parked in the driveway.

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE

Kristen and Neil have finished a meal together and are sipping wine. Her hair is shorter. Neil looks thinner, a little weary.

NEIL

I'm glad things have worked out for you.

KRISTEN

I think new York was just what I

needed. So many people. I never feel alone.

NEIL

(smiles)

The city that never sleeps.

(pause)

So what will you do now?

KRISTEN

I don't know. I'm busy with school.

New friends.

(beat)

But I'll never forget the old ones.

NEIL

(raises his glass)

To old friends. And your new dreams.

KRISTEN

To old friends.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil is at the door, seeing Kristen off.

NEIL

It was great seeing you again. I'm glad you dropped by.

KRISTEN

(pauses at her car)

Do you still...see each other?

NEIL

(strange little smile)

Yes. I'm going to see her tonight.

Kristen nods. She knew it.

KRISTEN

Will you say hi?

(he smiles that he will)

Good night.

INT. HOUSE

Neil closes the door. He's alone in the empty house. He turns out the lights and trudges slowly upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neil in bed, drifting off to sleep. The tight, weary look is gone from his face -- he looks peaceful, contented.

PAN TO the paper mache model of the Elm Street House. It's different now -- clean and pure and inviting. A lovely little place, in fact.

FADE OUT

THE END